

# Catholic Digest

25¢

THE GOLDEN THREAD OF CATHOLIC THOUGHT

Volume 12

JANUARY, 1948

Number 3

God Isn't Strange People . . . . .	America	1
The Story of a Tree . . . . .	"Lives Around Us"	4
Our Catholic Hit Parade . . . . .	The Priest	9
Vatican Library . . . . .	Catholic Life	13
French Catholics and Communism . .	Commonweal	16
Earthquakes and Father Lynch .	Raymond Schuessler	20
The Irish in the U. S. . .	Irish Ecclesiastical Record	23
The Marianists . . . . .	William Ferree, S.M.	32
Manifesto Centennial . . . . .	Social Justice Review	36
Problem in Prague . . . . .	Paul West	39
Printing-Press Bishop . . . . .	St. Anthony Messenger	41
Atomic Energy for Hire . . . . .	Nation's Business	46
The Church in New India . . . . .	The Advocate	51
The Red Cross: Servant of Humanity	Raymond A. Lee	54
Will All Churches Unite? . .	North Carolina Catholic	59
Micrurgy . . . . .	O. A. Battista	62
History Lesson for Card Sharks .	Holy Name Journal	66
Speech Doctor . . . . .	N. Y. Times Magazine	70
Modern Medicine Is Catholic .	A. G. Badenoch, M.D.	75
The Nazi With a Heart . . . . .	An Interview	79
Pagoda Country . . . . .	"Stop Killing Dragons"	85
Men Are People at Ford . . . . .	Collier's	89
America Searches for Her Dead . . .	Paul Bussard	97
China Had the First Auto . . . . .	Catholic Review	100
The Speech of Angels . . . . .	Life of the Spirit	103
A Guy Called Kelly . .	American Legion Magazine	107
I Shall Never Forget It, 8	This Struck Me, 58	
Flights of Fancy, 74		

LET us recognize in the Magi who adored Christ the first fruits of our own vocation and faith; and let us celebrate with joy of heart the dawn of a blessed hope. For henceforth we begin to enter into our eternal heritage; henceforth the hidden sayings of Scripture reveal Christ to us. As they opened their treasures, and offered mystic gifts to the Lord, so let us look into our hearts, and bring forth gifts worthy of God.

St. Leo in Matins of the Epiphany.

## THE CATHOLIC DIGEST

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

CATHOLIC DIGEST BLDG., 41 E. EIGHTH ST., ST. PAUL, 2, MINNESOTA

Entered as second-class matter, November 11th, 1936, at the post office at St. Paul, Minn., under Act of March 3rd, 1879. Copyright 1948 by The Catholic Digest, Inc. Braille edition: National Braille Press, 88 St. Stephen St., Boston, 15, Massachusetts. \$10 per year.

British and Irish edition: National Press, 16 So. Frederick Street, Dublin, Ireland.

French edition: 138 Avenue des Alliés, Louvain, Belgium. *Digeste Catholique*.

Dutch edition: 138 Bondenotenlaan, Leuven, Belgie. *Katholieke Digest*.

German edition: 39 Herstellstrasse, Aschaffenburg, Germany. *Katholischer Digest*.

Subscriptions to all foreign editions for yourself or friends abroad are \$3 per year at the St. Paul office.



The policy of The Catholic Digest is to draw upon all Catholic magazines and books, and upon non-Catholic sources as well, when they publish Catholic articles. We are sorry the latter cannot be taken as a general endorsement of everything in the non-Catholic publications. It is rather an encouragement to them to continue using Catholic material. In this we follow the advice of St. Paul: And now, brethren, all that rings true, all that commands reverence, and all that makes for right; all that is pure, all that is lovely, all that is gracious in the telling; virtue and merit, wherever virtue and merit are found—let this be the argument of your thoughts.



*Published monthly.* Subscription price, \$3.00 the year—2 years for \$5.00. Your own and a gift subscription, \$5.00. No charge for foreign postage. Printed in the U.S.A.

Editor: PAUL BUSSARD

Managing Editor: LOUIS A. GALES

Assistant Editors: Francis B. Thornton, Kenneth Ryan, Edward A. Harrigan, Harold J. O'Loughlin, Ralph Thibodeau, Ethelyn Burns.



JANUARY, 1948

*The \$64 answer*

# God Isn't Strange People

By JOSEPH A. BREIG &amp; SON

Condensed from *America*\*

**M**AN-TO-MAN talks between my six-year-old son and me invariably begin one way. "Dad," he always begins, testing me. Then he pauses. If I do not answer, or if

I answer absently, he knows that my mind is wandering again, and that I must be taken by the hand and led home. He does this by repeating the opening word, "Dad." Sooner or later I say "Yes, Joe," in a tone of attention, and he proceeds.

This time we are walking along the street in the moonlight, and he is looking up through the bare limbs of the trees.

"Why does the moon go along with us when we walk?"

"Well, Joe. . . ." I stop. I wonder whether any of the older children ever asked that question, and, if so, how I got around it. It reminds me of the

time his sister Betty thought I was an old meanie because I couldn't (she thought I wouldn't) catch a robin for her. And the time she asked what made the sky blue. And why God made worms.

"Dad," patiently, but with a touch of exasperation.

"Yes, Joe," absently.

"Dad," with weary emphasis.

"Yes, Joe," the wandering mind is home again, or at least somewhere in the vicinity.

"Why does it?"

"Why does what, Joe?"

"Dad!" Sometimes it seems to me that young Joe is unduly influenced by his mother. I do not mind his looking like her. I rather like her looks. But I see no reason why he should carry imitation to the point of adopting the tone in which she sometimes inquires of the heavens why in the world she had to go and fall in love with a mental incompetent. However, I realize that there is no use discussing the mat-

ter with Joe, so I merely say mildly, "Why does what do what, Joe?" He speaks slowly and distinctly, as if to someone rather dense. It is another trick he has learned from his mother. "Why does the moon go along with us when we walk?" A light goes on in my head. "Oh, that! Well, Joe—."

"Yes, Dad," encouragingly. I can almost hear him saying to himself, "Mustn't distract the old boy, now. The gears are beginning to mesh." He waits patiently for an answer, trudging along, hands in pockets.

"Well, look, Joe. The moon is far away, very far away, and—."

"How far?"

"Oh, thousands of miles."

"Farther than overseas?"

"Oh, yes."

"Farther than Africa? Farther than the South Pole?"

"Yes. Yes."

"Dad. Are the Eskimos on the other side of the world?"

"Yes, Joe. Yes."

"Then why don't they fall off?"

"Because the world is like a magnet. It holds them."

"Do their hats fall off?"

"No, their heads hold their hats, just like ours."

"Aren't they upside down?"

"No, you see, Joe, down is always toward the center of the earth, no matter where you are."

"Where's up?"

"Up is away from the world."

"Like the moon?"

"Yes."

"Dad, why does the moon go along

with us when we walk?" So there we are, right back where we started. And I try again.

"Because it's far away and big, and the trees are close and we pass the trees, but we don't pass the moon. That makes it look as though the moon were going with us. See?"

"No. Dad."

"Well, now look—."

"Did God make the moon? How?"

"Sure. Well, I don't exactly know."

"You *don't*?" He seems shocked.

We walk along in silence for a while.

Then Joe seems to take pity on me.

"Well, anyhow," he says, "He made it so it would go along with us when we walk." I begin to breathe easier.

"That's right, He sure did," I agree with enthusiasm.

"How?" asks Joe.

I sigh. I begin to wonder why all fathers aren't canonized for their heroic patience. I decide to make another pass at explaining. "Well, now look, Joe—."

But he rescues me. "Dad. There's one thing I don't understand about God."

"Yes, Joe. One thing, eh?"

"Yes, I don't understand how He could be without being born."

"Well, I don't exactly understand myself—."

There was another shocked silence. This will never do. If it isn't stopped, he'll begin to think I don't know everything. "Look, Joe, we don't see how God could be without a beginning. But there has to be somebody without a beginning. If there was ever



a time when there was nothing, who would start anything?" He plods along thinking it over. Presently I add, "I mean, we all know that nothing can't start anything, can it?"

"No," says Joe. "That's right, Dad. Yep, that's right." I feel better.

"But I still don't see," says Joe, "how God could be without being born."

I let it go at that. After all, sooner or later he will have to realize that there are things which even his father can't explain. He might as well begin now to face the realities. He is taking long steps to match mine, and I suppose it is the rhythm of our walking that brings up the next thought.

"Dad, I wouldn't want to be in a parade."

It is my turn to be shocked. After all my careful teaching of orthodoxy, am I the father of a heretic? Not want to be in a parade! "Why not?" I inquire with carefully assumed carelessness, cannily concealing my inward agitation.

"Because everybody looks at you."

"What's wrong with that?"

"I don't like it."

Well, for that matter, I don't like

it myself. It makes me wonder whether I have forgotten my socks or tie or worse. But a parade. . . . "A parade," I tell him, "is different."

"I don't like people looking at me," he insists. "It makes you feel squirmy. When I get up in school, all the kids look at me. I wish they'd stop."

This time I take refuge in theology. "Oh, well," I soothe him, "God sees us all the time, so why should we care if somebody else looks?"

"But God," says Joe, "isn't strange people." I am stricken dumb with admiration. I wish I had said that.

I wish I had ever said anything just half as good. I wish the world's great writers could sometimes rise to half the stature of that statement. I wish the rulers of the nations could come within hailing distance of it. I wish the parliaments and congresses and cabinets and conferences and peace parleys could approach it even remotely.

"God isn't strange people."

Hmmm. We walk the rest of the way in silence. Joe tests me once or twice. "Dad."

"Yes, Joe," absently.

He decides to let it go at that.



### *Silenced by Solomon*

Six young housewives living in the same apartment building got into a violent dispute and were haled into court. When the case was called they rushed to the judge's bench and all broke into long bitter complaints. The judge finally rapped for order, and when quiet was restored, the patient, worldly-wise magistrate said calmly, "Please speak one at a time, and I'll hear the oldest first."

But there wasn't a word to break the silence.

*Service News* quoted in the *Catholic Review* (Oct. '47).

But only God . . . .

# The Story

By ALAN DEVOE



# of a Tree

Condensed chapter  
of a book\*

**I**N JANUARY the life of earth pulses most hiddenly and quietly. Woodchucks and skunks and a score of other animals are in hibernation now, sleeping their deep sleep beneath the frost line until spring shall come, and most of the birds that made last summer loud with song and bright with vivid wings have migrated now to southern wintering places. This is a time of stillness outdoors, of silence and whiteness and cold.

The trees are leafless now, and they thrust up their towering trunks and branches in fantastic patterns against the sky. In this white snow-world they present themselves insistently to a man's attention. He is almost sure now to take brief heed of these queer dark trunks of walnut and maple and wild cherry; and he is almost sure, when he does, to stop thinking for at least a minute or two about politics and war and business worries, and look out at these odd woody-stemmed fellow creatures of his planet and wonder and reflect a little.

The life of a tree begins with a seed, and it is in the fall, usually, that a tree seed ripens. The seeds of poplars, willows and elms ripen in the spring, but mostly the seed season is in that

time when the bluejays are beginning to call their bell-clear notes again, after their

summer silence in the evergreen woods, and the bobolinks, earliest migrants among the birds, are leaving the meadowlands. Months ago in the spring the seed was made fertile when the pollen grains were carried from stamen to pistil, in the fertilization rite common to nearly all green growing things. This was the work of bees, droning from fragrant linden to linden in the spring sunlight, thrusting their way into the tube-like corollas of the willows; and also in many cases it was the work of the wind.

The pollen grains that the insects carried in the spring were rough and adhesive, that they might better cling to the insect pollinators; but the pollen grains of pussy willow and ash and many other kinds of tree were smooth, and did not stick to one another, and the wind bore them great distances to the blossoms of other trees of their kind. The pine pollen was enabled to travel in the air by flotation bladders as much as 500 miles, and, lighter than thistle seed, the elm pollen similarly drifted. From early spring until midsummer the trees blossomed, the green-yellow flowers of the silver

\*Lives Around Us, 1942. Creative Age Press, 11 E. 44th St., New York City. 221 pp. \$2.

maples coming into bloom as early as March, in June the flowers of pignut and white pine, in July the white clustering catkins of the chestnuts—and, after their various fashions, the pollens were carried from stamen to pistil, the ovaries were fertilized, and there was made fruitful the seed that by fall was ripened and ready to be let fall to earth.

The seed may be a very tiny one, like an ash seed, and find its way into the earth which will give it life simply by the agency of rain and the small driftings of the surface soil. Or it may be a large seed, like an acorn or a walnut or a hickory, and its entrance into the nutrient earth may then be effected by a squirrel. Early in autumn the squirrels begin gnawing at the green nut husks and at the cones of pines and firs and spruces, hiding their trove in the dark leaf mold and humus that layer the earth of the forest. So many and scattered are their caches that certain of the hidden seeds each year are forgotten and left to germinate.

By the agency of the elements, or by the activities of squirrels and jays, the fertile seed is, before late autumn, buried in the earth. It is ready to suck in the nourishment of the soil, and the moisture of the rain, and to send forth the upward growths that will become its trunk and leaf-bearing limbs. It is ready now to enter into its adult life as a growing tree.

A fox, to live its life, must breathe and drink and feed; and so must a mouse or a milkweed butterfly or a man. The same necessities govern the

life of the tree. Having no stomach nor alimentary canal, as a mammal has, it must nevertheless satisfy an obscure, insistent hunger. Mouthless, it requires drink. Lungless, it requires oxygen. For the satisfaction of its life needs it develops equipment no less intricate than those of its fellow creatures endowed with motility and mind; it develops a body organism and a subtle chemistry that enable it to live its cold-fleshed, uncognizant life as ingeniously as though it were consciously aware. It develops, as its implements, roots and a trunk and presently a covering of leaves.

Down from the germinating seed the roots thrust into the soil. As the trunk grows upward toward the light, the roots grow oppositely, seeking the earth darkness. Long after roots and trunk have begun their growth, sometimes, the seed may be overturned by an accident of wind or water, so that the trunk points downward and the roots up. When this occurs, the young root and the young stem at once turn their course of growth, the root doubling back on itself to seek the darkness of the earth again, the stem twisting to point once more toward the sun. It is a kind of behavior that is characteristic of all the tree's life actions, a behavior impelled by the same shadowy force that directs the swimming and feeding of a *Paramecium* among the water weeds, or the mindless opening and closing of an oyster's bivalvular shell.

The roots develop, as season succeeds season and the tree grows from a

seed to a sapling and then to maturity into an intricate, many-filamented growth of cells and tubes and fibers. There is the great taproot, a central drinking-mouth, thrusting straight downward and groping its way among rocks and pebbles in search of water. There are the uncountable hair roots, growing in number with every spring, as fine-spun and delicate as the filoplumes of birds. There are finally, when the tree has towered to a great height, the enormous lateral buttress roots, flung out parallel with the earth as guy strands in response to the tree's obscure awareness of the pressures and stresses of the wind. By the apparatus of its roots the tree is made able to drink, sucking out of the soil the foods, in solution, that are necessary to it; and it is made able to hold itself erect, pointing toward the sun, against the force of the wind.

While the roots are thus developing, there is going on also the mechanism of the stem. This mass of cells and fibers and tiny hollow vessels has an anatomy as complex as that of any of the birds or animals with which the tree shares the forest. It has a central pith, and around this an external medulla, and protecting these an epidermis. A semifluid layer of cambium wraps the stem, a layer formed by the solidifying of the annual sap; hardening, each year, it adds a ring of new wood to the surface of the stem, and to the under surface of the bark it adds a new layer of fiber.

Season after season, as the stem thrusts upward, the heartwood of the

tree grows harder and less permeated with life at its center and tougher and more sap-strong at its periphery; season after season, the bark is strengthened on its inner side and receives less nourishment on its outer. By this complex process of aging and renewal the tree continues its growth from seedhood until it dies, the sap by accretion of its yearly hardenings giving each year a greater girth, the slow central solidifying of sapwood into heartwood giving the tree a tough, hard ligneous core. The tree thrusts up its stem, as year after year it seeks the sun, at a rate of growth that is even throughout its length. The roots, on the contrary, grow only at their ends, only the tiny water-drinking spongioles at their tips removing ever farther from the taproot.

Roots and trunk are important equipments of the tree, but even more important, and more intricate, is the third of the major endowments by which it lives, the leaves. All its life, from earliest emergence out of the seed into sapling form, it is covered except in winter by growths of leaves, and it is the leaf that serves it in its breathing and feeding, in the annual lifting and descent of sap, and in almost every process of the elaborate chemistry by which it grows from germ to towering old age.

The anatomy and working of a leaf are as curious and complex in their fashion as the physiology of an eye or an ear or a brain. Between the leaf's two plates of covering epidermis there is a multitude of intricate fibers and

vessels and ramifications of the leaf stalk, a network of nervures reaching to every part of the leaf's blade. Inside the leaf's thin green flesh, contained in the countless cells that make it up, are accumulated granules of the green substance, chlorophyll, which under the action of the light of the sun can break up carbon dioxide into carbon and oxygen. There may be a million, two million, such corpuscles of chlorophyll contained in a single cell. And last, perforating the epidermis of the leaf, there are innumerable tiny openings, each bordered by symmetrical cells, curved outward, each having the look of a tiny pair of lips. These are the leaf's stomata, and there may be as many as a hundred thousand or a million of them on a single leaf's under side. They are the legion of orifices that serve the tree, collectively, as a mouth.

Leaves and roots and trunk are the instruments whereby is carried out the tree's life process. It is a process not differing signally from the life way of a weasel or a trout or a hummingbird or a human being. The tree breathes, as these do; it feeds and drinks, and its living body converts earth and air and water into energy and flesh. Through its myriad-orificed mouth, the leaf-stomata, the tree sucks in the oxygen of the air, throwing off carbon dioxide; day and night, during all its life, it continues a slow invisible breathing, a breathing in no way differing from the inhalations and exhalations of birds and animals and man. Then during the sunlit hours it effects another kind

of exchange of gases, and this is its procurement of its food. Through the stomata that are its mouth the tree takes in carbon dioxide and gives off oxygen, and by a process of photosynthesis, the action of the chlorophyll in conjunction with the sun, the carbonic-acid gas is decomposed into its two elements, and there is provided the carbon which is the life stuff of the flesh of the tree.

This is the cycle of the tree's breathing and feeding and the circulation of its blood: into the thirsty spongioles of the roots is sucked earth water, holding foreign matter in solution; up from the roots this ascending sap is drawn by capillary action, flowing out to the leaves; in the leaves it is mixed with the materials that have been drawn in through the stomata from the atmosphere, and is converted into the tree blood called descending sap; released, it returns slowly earthward, penetrating twigs and branches and trunk and roots and giving them the material for the growing of fresh formations.

Those are the processes of the life of the tree. Mindless and motionless and silent the tree goes about the sustenance of its body, building life, as must ultimately every other living thing, out of only carbon and air and water. Year by year it grows taller (if it has been a "tolerant" tree, as the foresters put it, meaning that it has been able to stand shade and periodic dryness of the earth), until its height has reached the maximum to which capillary action and the vacuum-suction of the



leaves are able to hoist sap; and then it grows only thicker, and increases the size of its buttress roots. In the spring, when bluebirds are nesting and the frogs are uttering their croaking call, it puts out blossoms for the perpetuation of its kind; in the days of autumn it drops its fertile seed, the first ones perhaps when it is 20, and the sap withdraws into its roots and grows quiet for the winter.

Occasionally, very gently, it moves its leaves, to let them better catch the sun; occasionally, very slowly, it may reach out with its groping roots, hair-fine at the tips, and crush a stone that has been impeding them. And always, unceasingly, it goes about its soundless drinking and feeding, drawing in the earth's water for its thirst, opening the million-lipped mouths of its leaves in the noonday sun. It may come to drink, in its great old age, two hun-

dred gallons in a day; it may come to breathe out daily, in its slow, invisible exhalations, so great a moisture that it soaks the earth. And then at last, after a century or a span of centuries, the heartwood that is its core crumbles to nothing, and the staghead limbs of its crown are leafless, and presently on some day of great wind it is brought toppling down and its life is done.

That is the way of life of a tree; of the great woody-stemmed plants that a few months ago turned the autumn countryside yellow and orange and crimson as the chlorophyll drained out of their leaves, leaving only the other pigments, and that now in midwinter stand sharply visible in a cold snow-whitened world from which most kinds of creatures have disappeared. In winter a man can hardly help giving some notice to the trees. Trees are good things to think about.



### *I Shall Never Forget It*

I WAS driving the automobile that was bearing the bishop and another priest home from the funeral of a nun. There had been a pontifical Mass of requiem, and words spoken that must have surprised Sister very much as she leaned over the gold bar of heaven to look down. The little Sister in question had been remarkable even among her peers for her extreme humility and simplicity as she went about her ministering duties in the refectory.

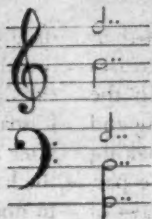
As the car rolled along, the bishop spoke, relating incidents of the Sister's other-worldliness and simplicity, and the other priest added to the conversation. Presently they seemed to be looking for some remark from me, but all that I could think of to say was, "She entered heaven at the children's gate." Immediately I thought I had said something very nice.

Silence for a moment, then the bishop spoke: "There is no other gate."

Readers are invited to submit similar experiences. We shall pay \$25 on publication for acceptable ones. Sorry we cannot return manuscripts, but we shall carefully consider all that are submitted.—The editors.

Weeping for mirth

# Our Catholic



# Hit Parade

By RICHARD GINDER

Condensed from  
the *Priest*\*

Father Ginder is a Fellow of the American Guild of Organists.

THE NATION's eight favorite Catholic hymns, according to results of a contest sponsored by *Extension*, are, in order: *O Lord, I Am Not Worthy; Holy God, We Praise Thy Name; Mother Dear, O Pray for Me; Good Night, Sweet Jesus; Panis Angelicus; Schubert's Ave Maria; On This Day, O Beautiful Mother; Silent Night*. That should make the angels weep and drive church musicians to drink.

The Episcopalians have an official collection of 741 sturdy, time-tested hymns, sifted through by a committee of 27 nationally known musicians, men like Frank Damrosch, Jr., Canon Winfred Douglas, Leo Sowerby, and David McK. Williams. Authorized by their House of Bishops and House of Deputies, and published by their Church Pension fund, it is a book of 828 pages, beautifully bound and printed, and available at such a low figure that no one could venture to compete with it.

The Methodists have their official hymnal, too, authorized by the Board of Publications of the Methodist Protestant church and published by

the Methodist Book concern. Albert Riemenschneider, nationally known musicologist, had a finger in its compilation. In fact, about 40 churchmen and musicians worked together on it. Acknowledgment is given to Van Denman Thompson for his cooperation.

It comes to 695 pages, includes 644 numbers, and is sturdily bound. It sells at \$1. Not nearly as fine as the Episcopal hymnal, it is still a noteworthy effort. Much of the book is taken up with prose textual material for the Sunday service.

The Lutheran church has three more or less autonomous synods in this country, each with its own official hymnal. The local Lutheran pastor says that his hymnal is authorized by the United Lutheran church and is published by the United Lutheran Publication house of Philadelphia. A good part of the work is devoted to liturgical material (the Proper and Ordinary of their service); the rest has more than 500 hymns. The complete edition, with organ accompaniments, sells at \$1.25. Two synods have a joint committee currently in session, preparing one uniform hymnal for the Lutheran church in the U.S. The

\*Huntington, Ind. November, 1947.

committee is composed of churchmen and musicians. Our Lutheran friend says it will doubtless take several years to complete the assignment.

We U.S. Catholics have nothing approaching this. The closest we have come is the Latin *Liber Usualis*, which, put in the hands of the congregation, would be only so much abracadabra. We have no official collection of hymns in the vernacular.

The field is wide open. And do not think it is not being exploited! As things stand today, anyone can get out scissors and paste and patch himself up some sort of collection. Canon law insists on a *Nihil Obstat* and *Imprimatur* for the words. Nothing is said about the tunes. Anyone could take *The Donkey Serenade*, force a Latin text to it, and sell it as an excellent Offertory motet. We simply have no machinery for curbing unscrupulous compilers and profiteering publishers.

There is a plethora of cheap collections; and there are a few good collections—but you could count them on your fingers and have a few fingers left over. The fault of most is that they are the work of one individual and reflect that individual's taste. If he doesn't like a good old standby, he omits it. If he has a young lady studying harmony under his tutorship, he inflicts one or two of her ditties on the indiscriminating laity. And, to be sure, the collection must count a generous assortment of the master's own compositions.

For example, one of our best hymnals, widely circulated, is compiled,

edited, and arranged by one man (let's call him Joseph Diapason). Most persons mistake it for an official publication of the St. Gregory Society of America, with which it has no connection, other than the approval of that body. It includes 284 numbers. Sixty-six are hymns composed by Mr. Diapason himself, almost one-quarter of the book. Seventy-seven credit Mr. Diapason as arranger; four have been harmonized by "J.D."; three transcribed by "J.D."; one adapted by him; and a Mass is generously thrown in, composed by—guess who!

One feature often commented on is the fact that there are 23 numbers "from a Slovak hymnal." This tends to annoy the Irish, Polish, German, Italian, and other members of our Catholic family, who would have been glad to supply their national hymnals for Mr. Diapason's perusal. Not so often commented on is the little dance from Humperdinck's *Hänsel and Gretel*, which turns up as *Hark! the Herald Host Is Singing*.

No one should blame Mr. Diapason. He just got up a collection of hymns he liked, and who can blame him for liking 66 of his own compositions and his own Mass? Moving in early on a fertile field, he hit the jackpot, achieving the comfortable merit of simultaneously doing good and doing well. His is far better than the unspeakable St. Basil hymnal, which, to a musician's way of thinking, should have been indexed by name and publicly burned on the day of its publication. For the rest of the hymnals, they are

one-man jobs and represent their compiler's taste from first to last.

Getting back to our springboard, let us have a look at that hit parade. In reading the observations, please try to divorce sentimental associations from objective standards; one can achieve objectivity even in music.

*O Lord, I Am Not Worthy.* Here the heart tends to run away with the head. Think of the words: "The Bridegroom of my soul," a mystical figure far beyond most of those who sing it; or "Fly Thy sweet control!" The melody is atrocious and so designed that the organist must be a musical gymnast to avoid a succession of sticky, saccharine chords. But we have been born and raised on it; it is bred into our bones. So, cheap and unworthy as it is, it takes the lead.

*Holy God, We Praise Thy Name.* Good. Even the Protestants have endorsed it. It comes in their hymnals as *Sun of My Soul, Thou Saviour Dear.*

*Mother Dear, O Pray for Me.* Not too bad. Its tune is reminiscent of evangelical Methodism, but you couldn't hire the more discriminating Episcopalians to sing it.

*Good Night, Sweet Jesus.* Nauseating. A cheap ballad. What does *sweet* mean, precisely? Has anyone ever described anyone else as "sweet," apart from hymn writers? "Jesus is a sweet Man." What does it add up to? The hymn had hardly been sung twice in Pittsburgh before the lid was vigorously slammed down on it. Anyone who now presumes to use it there, activates an inexorable mechanism of

denunciation in the diocesan paper.

*Panis Angelicus.* Presumably the one by César Franck. It is beautiful, but not a hymn, nor did César intend it as such. He wrote it as an Offertory motet for a full choir. And, like *Beautiful Blue Danube*, it deserves a rest. It should be locked up for 25 years until it can retrieve some of its original freshness.

Schubert's *Ave Maria*. Not a hymn. It, too, is being overdone.

*On This Day, O Beautiful Mother.* Our grandmother used to croon this to us when we were young. It had been sung on the day of her reception into the sodality (1859). We love our grandma but not *On This Day, O Beautiful Mother*. The sentiment of the words is laudable, but clumsily put. The time goes like an accelerated waltz. There is one point at which it hangs, in all its naked cheapness, on a dominant seventh, the climax of the verse part.

*Silent Night.* Seasonal, but otherwise all right.

It's clear that these tunes have won by default. The brutal fact is that very few good tunes have been popularized. And we connive with the bad.

A few years ago, a novena in honor of our Lady swept the country. Part of its charm was participation by the congregation in the exercises, through prayers read in common and congregational singing. But the promoters of the novena, introducing it, unfortunately included both *Mother Dear* and *Good Night, Sweet Jesus* as integral parts of the program.

Many will say we are arbitrary, that we have no right to pontificate without crozier, that each man has his likes and dislikes and ours are no more sacred than yours.

True enough! That is just the point! U. S. Catholics have suffered too long under one-man compilations. There is such a thing as objective beauty. One man cannot always hit it, but a group with well-developed taste and experienced judgment can get pretty close to it.

What is needed now is a committee for arriving at a largest common denominator. The committee would have to be small enough to be flexible and large enough to avoid bargaining such as, "I'll vote for your tune if you'll vote for mine."

For maximum utility, the hymnal, at least in the words-only edition, should include space for the Ordinary and, space permitting, the Sunday Propers at least; and for protection against profiteering, it should go at the lowest possible figure. The low cost would also serve the very desirable function of driving all competition into the ground.

Seminarians could become conver-

sant with the book, knowing that it would be a part of their furniture in the sacred ministry. And it would forever banish the humiliation of standing during a Holy Hour groping for the words of some local favorite one never heard before.

We have the tunes. Everything before the Reformation is ours. The Episcopal hymnal is loaded with pre-Reformation material; the Lutheran pastor tells us 14% of his hymnal is of the same vintage.

Taking all the extant hymnals, Catholic and otherwise, we should be able to sort out at least 600 good tunes written by Catholics, to which we could fit the poetry of the Breviary and whatever should be salvaged from the current pile, eschewing references to Jesus as sweet, figures like people flying other people's control, weeping for mirth (the St. Basil hymnal: "O Mother, I could weep for mirth").

Is it worth considering? Well, without good vernacular hymns, Protestantism would just dry up and blow away. Figure the thing from our side and imagine the results for the Catholic Church here in America with a uniform first-rate hymnal.



### *Art and Environment*

A SERGEANT stationed in Germany was given a pass to visit Paris. He was most anxious to see the Mona Lisa in the Louvre. When he returned to Germany, a friend asked if he had seen the famous painting. He had.

"You don't sound very enthusiastic about it," objected the friend.

"Well," he replied listlessly, "I've heard hundreds of stories about her 'enigmatic smile,' so you can imagine how disappointed I was to find that she reminds me of Aunt Bessie asking me to please pass the salt."

*Capper's Weekly.*



*Dream fulfilled*

# Vatican Library

By ANNE TANSEY

Condensed from the  
*Catholic Life*\*



**F**IVE centuries ago, Tomasso Parentucelli, the priest-librarian of the Bishop of Bologna, interested himself in the vast fund of knowledge that was lying around the world in odd corners, in musty libraries and cellars of old castles and monasteries, and wondered how such valuable manuscripts could be discovered and preserved for posterity.

When he became a cardinal and was, in 1447, elected Pope, an artistic and literary Renaissance was born. The new Pope, who took the name Nicholas V, added his own books to the few that he fell heir to in the Vatican. He designated part of the Vatican as a new library and laid plans to gather in as many books as could be found.

Agents were dispatched to all parts of the world, to England, Greece, Germany and the Near East. Bountiful rewards were offered, as much as 5,000 ducats for the Gospel of St. Matthew, then thought to exist in the original. The greatest book hunt in history ensued, and resulted in the finding of some of the rarest and most precious books in the world.

Many of the manuscripts found were in such a state of disrepair that

they could not be long preserved; but they were copied. Pope Nicholas, an expert calligraphist, ably supervised the work of the copyists whom he engaged to inscribe the ancient manuscripts on the finest parchment available. All the manuscripts were bound in crimson cloth with silver clasps. Seven thousand manuscripts from the Pope's own library were reworked into 1,200 volumes which are now among the rarest books in the world and beyond value.

The printing press invented by Gutenberg at Mainz changed the future of the world. Pope Nicholas realized its vast possibilities, and had a similar press installed in the library at the Vatican.

The immediate successors of Pope Nicholas V were not much concerned with books. The printing press rusted while many a priceless manuscript molded into decay. The printed and copied books of Pope Nicholas fell into disrepair in the crypts and cellars where they were carelessly stored.

In 1471, Pope Sixtus IV revived the dream of Nicholas. He engaged qualified scholars to care for the books, with the result that the library grew to

\*334 S. 13th St., Philadelphia, 7, Pa. Autumn, 1947.

3,500 volumes. At first scholars were allowed to borrow from the library but when too many of the books disappeared, stringent protective measures had to be adopted. A rule was enforced that each borrower leave the cash value of the borrowed book with the librarian before he took it from the library. Many of the poorer scholars were unable to make such deposits and therefore they were permitted to study the books in the library—but only after the books had been chained to a desk for safe keeping. A few of these desks with their chains are still preserved as museum pieces.

Leo X assisted in carrying on Pope Nicholas' dream of making Rome the center of letters. "I have been thoroughly convinced," he wrote, "that next to the knowledge and true worship of the Creator nothing is better or more useful for mankind than such studies, which are not only an advancement and a standard of human life, but also of service in every circumstance. In misfortune books console us; in prosperity they confer joy and honor, and without them man would be robbed of all social class and culture."

In 1585, Pope Sixtus V advanced the Vatican library by having his architect, Domenico Fontana, erect the Sistine library, a separate building 184 feet long and 57 feet wide, for the housing of the papal books.

Books remained chained to desks in the Vatican library until 1605, when Pope Paul V discarded the precaution. Under his control the library continued

to grow. Almost every later Pope added in one way or another to the library. Rooms and galleries were converted to house the collections which found their way into the Vatican. Some of the most famous private collections in Europe were either donated to, or purchased for, the Vatican library. Some of these collections contained thousands of early Greek and Latin manuscripts.

Pope Leo XIII faced a formidable prospect when he turned his attention to the Vatican library. The library had been amassing books for years, but since they were not properly catalogued, few were available for study. The importance of the library was thereby minimized in spite of its treasure. Scholars began to call the Vatican library "the prison-house of books."

There were 60,000 manuscripts and 500,000 printed books completely out of control. Through constructive measures under the direction of Pope Leo XIII the Vatican library was restored to order and opened once more to scholars of all races and creeds from all parts of the world. As a gesture of gratitude for the magnanimity of the offer, various nations vied with one another in donating rare and valuable books. Some nations, desiring the Vatican to house the chronicles of their national history and efforts toward civilization, gave books especially written and beautifully bound.

The new contributions again overtaxed the capacity of the library; once more it was thrown into a state of chaos and confusion. It was to take

another librarian-pope to bring the dream of Nicholas V to full fruition. Pope Pius XI took a very active part in making the library one of the most modern in the world. He dearly loved books and was well aware of the scholastic value of those which he inherited from his predecessors. (It has always been the custom for each Pope to will the Vatican library to his successor; thus the library remains always the exclusive property of the Pope.)

Again an avalanche of donated books poured into the Vatican library making it richer by 80,000 printed books and 65,000 manuscripts. No library in the world had ever received so many books in so short a period. Pope Pius XI realized that it would take modern methods to cope with the situation. When the Morgan Foundation offered to help finance the re-establishment of a working library at the Vatican, the pontiff readily agreed and the work went on under his personal direction. He was assisted in the task by scholars from various nations, including Nicholas Murray Butler, President Emeritus of Columbia university.

An American firm of library designers was engaged to install the new American-made equipment. Special attention was given to atmospheric conditions. Automatic electric heaters were installed to combat the dampness of some Italian seasons, while other equipment automatically shoots steam into the ventilators when the climate becomes too dry. Thus both mold and warping are avoided.

A light steel skeleton was constructed to support the tremendous weight of the books. More than seven miles of steel shelving were required, standing three stories high. The stacks were built into the old gallery designed by Bramante in 1512.

One of the most unusual features of the Vatican library is the Laboratorio Vaticano, or book hospital, which has been for many years under the direction of Cardinal Tisserant. A new method of repairing torn and damaged books was discovered by a Frenchman named Maire in 1890. Cardinal Tisserant has developed it to the point where "cures" seemingly miraculous are effected. The Morgan library in New York had 50 Coptic volumes in such total disrepair that experts thought it impossible to salvage them. After a trip to the Vatican book hospital they were returned as serviceable volumes.

Among the treasures to be found in the Vatican library is a palimpsest of Cicero's *Republic* under a manuscript of St. Augustine's version of the psalms. It was the custom in St. Augustine's time to re-use parchment of ancient books. Sometimes enough trace of the original writing was left so that scholars could reconstruct it. The practice led to the preservation of some of the earliest volumes known to man, which might have been lost otherwise.

There is a Bible of the 4th century, the oldest extant version of the Scripture; one of the earliest Chinese books in existence in native characters, on paper of unbelievable thinness; the

autographs of Petrarch and Tasso (in his writings Petrarch tells of his difficulty in obtaining a volume of Pliny in the Vatican library); a Hebrew Bible; a Byzantine manuscript of the four

Gospels; 9th-century manuscripts of Terence and Vergil; the breviary of St. Gregory; letters of King Henry VIII to Anne Boleyn; and many other precious manuscripts.

*Needed: a firm foundation*

## *French Catholics and Communism*

By ROBERT BARRAT

Condensed from the *Commonweal*\*

WHEN I was in America some months ago the Catholics I met believed the best way to deal successfully with communism would be to exterminate all communists. That solution has the merit of extreme simplicity but it must be readily admitted that it has not much in common with an authentically Christian spirit.

I do not know whether such ideas are shared by many American Catholics. But I believe it useful to attempt to define briefly the French Catholic position with respect to communism. In France, the communist problem is no longer purely ideological; year in and year out, there are some 5 million communist voters who elect communist deputies. The problem is practical: Christians and communists must live together at the same economic, social, and even political tasks. Under such circumstances it follows inevi-

tably that no man with common sense can continue to ignore the communist fact. French Christians are obliged to attempt to go beyond oversimplified slogans and determine what must be their intellectual and practical behavior.

The great difficulty for a Christian consists in ascertaining what communism really is. Is it simply a method for the analysis of economic phenomena, a technique for political action, a social ideal, or is it a complete philosophy, a total and totalitarian philosophy?

The many-sided aspects of communism explain the great diversity of attitudes taken by French Catholics toward it. The attitudes may be reduced to three main types.

The first consists in seeing in Marxism nothing but an economic and social system, and in dismissing its entire philosophical and metaphysical

\*386 4th Ave., New York City, 16. Sept. 26, 1947.

superstructure! It is thus possible to see Catholics—actually there are but few such Catholics—who proclaim their dissatisfaction with the organization of liberal and capitalist society, and accept the communist revolution as an historical necessity. Some of them go so far as to attempt to collaborate with this revolution. In such a stand there is, of course, considerable intellectual blindness and confusion. It should be entirely impossible for a Christian to ignore how strong is the current of atheistic materialism underlying communism's economic and social theories, and to what a point it is essential to them.

A second category of Catholics argues that since at Marxism's point of departure its philosophical and religious positions are false, then nothing subsequently can be valid in Marxism itself. They say that Marxism is founded on a faulty conception of man and the universe, rejecting every transcendent concept; therefore its analysis of detail, for example, its description of the economic destiny of given societies, can only be equally erroneous. That there is some truth in this reasoning is not to be denied. But when such Catholics as we describe deliberately entrench themselves against communists and communism in a combative attitude of total ignorance and contempt, they are taking, in my opinion, a singularly negative and sterile position. On the pretext that everything in communism is rotten, they yield, most of the time, to a desire to consolidate an existing order, which may be as

rotten as the communist system itself.

A third path is being followed by increasing numbers of French Catholics. Rejecting Marxism's philosophical presuppositions, they accept the validity of the main objections leveled by Marx against liberalism as it functioned in western society during the 19th century. But they are working to promote and carry out certain radical reforms in the political, social and economic structure of our country in order to forestall a revolution of the Soviet type which would annihilate man while proposing to free him.

Americans necessarily have difficulty in finding a concrete and familiar interpretation of certain expressions current abroad: "disinheriting the worker, exploitation of the proletariat." As far as I could see, after a short stay, and setting aside the question of the American Negro, there is no body of men in America which one may call a proletariat in the European sense of the word. Whether this results from intelligence on the part of the American capitalist, or from a keen sense of national solidarity, the fact is that an American workman, if he so wills, can acquire private property and cultural achievement, and reach important managerial positions. Such has not been the case within the liberal society which Europe has known. One can say that European capitalism, and the doctrine by which you let things alone to manage themselves, were at the origin of a prodigious economic surge and of a generalized advance in material well-being. There remains, how-



ever, the fact that far from freeing the masses by providing abundance for everyone, the system actually benefited only a minority, the "happy few," and brought back into the modern world a slavery as bad as that of antiquity.

Competition, the mad pursuit of profits, the cult of efficiency, reduced the workman, as a human being, to the rank of an instrument, interesting to the employer only as a thing which produced. The law of the jungle presided also over international commerce. The consequent anarchy and disorder were at the origin of the major cyclical crisis of overproduction whose influence as a cause for recent wars it is hardly necessary to underline.

Only too often the remedies proposed by Social Catholicism—nurseries, homes for the aged, small scattered units of workers' housing—were as effectual as holding smelling salts under the nose of a drowned man when he needed artificial respiration. It was the structure of society itself that should have been attacked: the salary system, credit reform, the status of stock companies, the system of private enterprise. But all that, of course, was dangerous ground. To the voice of their leader calling them to break up the established order (*Rerum Novarum*, which too many Catholics have even now not read, after all, does condemn capitalism and the liberal society) the Catholic world played deaf, for the simple reason that it found it profitable to preserve things as they were. In those days you could see, as Bernanos reminds us, employers, who

never would have thought of missing Sunday Mass, driving ten-year-old children and women through 12 and 14 hours of work a day under the watchful eye of jailers, whose duty it was to wake them, by beating them, if they fell asleep.

With the Christian world so timid and impotent, and bringing no seriously needed reforms, how could anybody possibly expect that Marxism would find no audience among the millions of disinherited workers to whom it said, "You are exploited. Look at the misery you are in. Unite. When you are united and strong you can break your chains."

Two unhappy wars, one after the other, the contacts that you have with men when you are fighting in the army, or when you are at forced labor with your compatriots in a foreign land, or when you are in the resistance movement, in hiding, struggling to free your country—these are experiences which have opened the eyes of the younger generations of French Catholics. We look at our country and we see a working class almost wholly dechristianized and pagan. It is to the workers that we must bring the extraordinary news of the Redemption and the promise of eternal life. And it is entirely impossible to bring them the news until we have bettered their material existence, their working conditions and homes. As the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris, Msgr. Suhard, recently reminded us, "You must humanize before you Christianize."

The Christians of the Middle Ages

were not satisfied with building their cathedrals and sending their wonderful Gregorian chant up through the skies to heaven. They did other things, too. They fought usury; they defined the concept of the living wage and of lawful profit; they created guilds through which the members felt integrated in the life of the community. Following the example of their distant ancestors, the Christians of today will have to prove that they know how to make all their acts, as citizens and as individuals, conform to their faith. There is no such thing as a religious life, and a secular life, each separate and impermeable one to the other.

Technically and practically speaking, it is essential to associate the worker not only with the profits but with the management of enterprise. We can be sure that when a young Catholic employer (and this is happening more and more in France) gives up personal ownership of his factory and organizes a cooperative, he is doing more toward the reconciliation of the classes and toward the creation of a brotherhood on earth—a true foretaste of the brotherhood which we are

promised in heaven—than can ever be accomplished by a hundred little sermons to the workers preached by the young ladies of Catholic Action.

I should like to say to my American friends that I am not sure what manner of problems the existence of a triumphant capitalism may impose on their conscience, but that it might not be unwise for them to realize that the capitalist and liberal regime is neither sacrosanct nor eternal; and, consequently, that instead of going forth to war against communism it might perhaps be better to examine whether the foundations of the society in which they live are as stable as at first sight they appear, and whether that society is based in justice. I am alluding, of course, to the justice of the Gospel.

Nothing will stop Marxism from winning its fight against an antiquated capitalist society—such is Marxism's vigor, logic and coherence—if in the coming years we are not capable of creating a national and international order which will take far greater account than does individualist liberalism of man's communitarian aspirations and of his thirst for justice.



### *Who's Speaking, Please?*

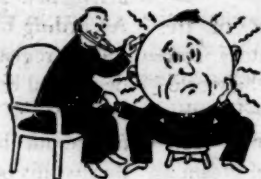
THE *Daily Worker* of Nov. 11 complains that the United Auto Workers convention limited speeches on the non-communist affidavit question to only five minutes. On the same day the *New York Times* reported that the Rumanian court that later sentenced Dr. Juliu Maniu, anti-communist leader, to life imprisonment had allowed him exactly 14 minutes to make his final defense.

*Labor Leader* (17 Nov. '47).

# Earthquakes and Father Lynch

By RAYMOND SCHUESSLER

*Measuring the shakes*



**T**WENTY feet in the earth in a hermetically sealed concrete vault

Father Joseph Lynch plays the role of geological physician by holding a stethoscope to the breast of the world. Each pulsation of the earth, whether in Asia or the Bronx, whether promoted by jam session or glacier settlement, streaks through the rock and mud to knock at the pillars of his vault and sign its name and address on his register.

Between physics classes which he teaches at Fordham university, Father Lynch is continually running down into the vault, eagerly watching his machines in their fascinating vacillation. According to some of the ludicrous letters he receives, seismology must certainly be one of the lesser-known sciences. One crank promised violence if he did not take his infernal machine somewhere else and stop making earthquakes. "The sighs of a seismologist," quips the jovial priest.

The history of earthquakes is a fascinating study, a science yet unfathomed but certainly less dangerous now than in the past. Adjustments are yet going on in the earth's crust, but they are confined to earthquake belts. Scarcely a day goes by that Japan, which is located in a notorious belt,

does not experience one or more shocks. An estimated 5,000 major

quakes have occurred since 1900, averaging about 150 a year. The most severe in modern seismological history happened in 1923 in Tokyo when 142,000 people were killed. In the U. S. the most frightening quake, apart from the fatal San Francisco horror of 1906, began in Nevada on New Year's eve, 1933, when the gigantic Rocky Mountain earthquake demolished mountains and churned up soil for more than seven months. The modern earthquake, however, is a mere burp compared to the historic quakes of older days. The most terrific tremor ever recorded occurred in Lisbon in 1755, when huge fissures in the earth opened up, exploding fire and ashes. The fractures trapped 30,000 people, and then vomited many of the bodies back to the surface with water and mud.

Credit for the founding of the study in North America goes to two Jesuit priests, Father Tondorf and Father Odenbach, some 50 years ago. The most eminent in Jesuit history was a Yugoslav, Father Roger Boscovich, who wrote 80 volumes on the subject and in the 18th century designed and started the first Jesuit observatories for the study of geophysics. Of the 500

active seismologists in the world today, 100 are Jesuits.

Father Lynch is director of the Fordham University observatory, considered the best equipped in the world. Nine seismographs are located in this underground vault, lined with concrete and covered by six feet of ground. The machines of ultimate precision, especially the new and powerful Benioff, which magnifies 100,000 times, are placed to catch each dimensional vibration, north to south, east to west, and all vertical planes.

The seismographs each have a pendulum which sends a light beam to a roll of fast bromide paper revolving about a drum that is anchored in the bedrock. And though it appears that the pendulum moves to register the movement it is really the earth which moves beneath it. As the earth pulses, the sound waves traveling through the earth at the rate of three to five miles a second strike the stone pillars on which the drum rests, thus registering the movement. The sound waves are actually ripples running through the earth similar to the circular waves that are set up when a stone is tossed in still water. They have been seen in the chronic earthquake belts undulating the ground as waves stir the ocean, sometimes tossing people into the air.

Newspaper men often call on Father Lynch during the night for verification of foreign reports. He then rushes into the vault, pajamas flying, to see the thrilling recording and give his usual accurate interpretation to the press.

One night the subterranean cleric

was awakened by the sound of the alarm bell signifying a major quake. According to the jagged lines the pendulum registered, the world must have developed hernia. He suspected a hoax, however, as life was busily progressing about him. For three successive nights this occurred, until one vigilant evening he uncovered the comedian—an energetic spider was blandly doing acrobatics on the delicate instrument!

Many theories have been expounded on the possible causes of earthquakes, and, logical as many of them appear, there is always a current explanation to ponder about. One theory lately offered by the seismological commission is that the oceans press upon the globe, pushing up mountains through the land area. Amazingly enough, this theory can be proved on paper. There are three proven earthquake belts: one along California and western South America, another from Turkey down the eastern coast of Africa, and a third along the entire eastern shore line of Asia, including Japan and Australia and all surrounding islands. The areas run along the rims of the four-faced pyramid slope into which the oceans are theoretically pressing the globe.

Seismology has a great commercial value. Building contractors in South America appeal insistently to Father Lynch for advice on construction jobs, and he has prevented many a disaster by warning them of earthquake belts which have recurring land displacement. Should they decide to build, they must then erect earthquake-proof buildings, such as architect Frank

Lloyd Wright of Chicago did in Japan. During the catastrophic 1923 holocaust almost every building in Tokyo crumbled except the one Wright had designed.

The petroleum industry is another field benefiting from seismological advancement. A hole is drilled near potential ground, and TNT exploded in it. The shock is then recorded. By interpreting the extent of the waves and their action it is possible to determine just what lies beneath the ground.

Though Joseph Lynch was ravenously receptive of algebra and physics and all things mathematical at an early age, he was not a bookworm. On the contrary, the now six-foot-two padre was quite an athlete in his school days. While attending St. Ignatius college in London, where he studied eight years, he played a rugged game of rugby, and was made captain in his last year. Later, he was anchor man on the relay team at St. Joseph's college in Philadelphia.

He was born in London on Dec. 6, 1894, of Irish parents, and early entertained ideas of becoming a priest. Five of his family had already been ordained and his one soul-engulfing ambition was to convert the Indians of the U. S. Wild West. Studying both at home and in America, he attained his Master's degree at Woodstock college in Maryland in 1920, and shortly afterward was appointed instructor of physics at Fordham university and also director of its seismography observatory, which at that time housed

one antique machine. The old relic seemed to register every quake but the ones that actually shook the table.

In 1923 he went to Europe and stayed until 1927 for advance study, particularly in Valkenburg, Holland, under Father Theodor Wulf, who is noted for pioneer work which led to the discovery of cosmic rays. Father Lynch also worked at Oxford with Prof. Herbert Hall Turner, the greatest seismologist of the day.

He returned to Fordham in 1928 to concentrate upon the earth's restive fidgeting, and in time built one of the finest seismological laboratories in the world. He became a naturalized American citizen in 1935, but still retains a great deal of his Oxford accent.

Now 50, with thinning light hair, Father Lynch is author of *Our Trembling Earth*, published in 1940 and considered to be one of the most comprehensive books ever written on the phenomena of the earthquake and the science of seismology. He is also author of many scientific papers, such as *The Effect of Occluded Hydrogen on the Rigidity of Palladium*, which expounds his unique theory that the earth's core is a solid solution of gas turned into metal or near-metal, thus combining the two divergent theories existing from Aristotle's day as to whether the core is liquid or solid. At present he contributes to various scientific journals and is a member of the Royal Astronomical society, the American Geographic society, and the Seismological society.

His writings are easygoing, jocular;



even the most austere will contain similes such as that of the seismic wave which struggled to the surface like a drowned rat or a deprecation of earthquakes because they jar the equilibrium of pool tables. Students of his physics class at Fordham university

have the highest praise for their instructor.

Father Lynch carries out his creed, "By encouraging men to learn the laws of nature as written in the faults and folds of the earth, one can lead men to a knowledge of their Author."



*Peaceful invasion*

## The Irish

By

RICHARD J. PURCELL



## in the U.S.

Condensed from the

*Irish Ecclesiastical Record*\*

IN THE U.S. there is a prevailing misunderstanding among the historically uninformed that the Irish came with the famine, as though hunger for food rather than hunger for freedom and opportunity brought them. In reality, the exodus of the famine and the succeeding decade marked only the climax of the Irish invasion of the U.S.

The Irish percentage of the total pre-Revolutionary population was not large, and Catholicism barely maintained itself, even in Maryland and Pennsylvania. Small wonder that Catholic numbers remained small and that losses to the faith were relatively large. Into nine of the 13 colonies priests never found their way. In New York, only a Jesuit missionary under an alias and in civilian garb came on rare occa-

sions from Philadelphia at risk of his freedom and even life if the law, often more cruel than the community, had been enforced. There was no accretion to the Irish Catholic population during the Revolution other than some soldiers who dropped out of British forces or deserters from Irish regiments in the armies of the French.

Not until the first American census (1790) were there any population figures beyond guesses. A reasonably sound and entirely neutral estimate of the blood composition and national origins of the various peoples composing the American population has been grounded upon a comparative study of the currency of names in various European lands, including Ireland, and similar characteristic names appearing as heads of families in this

\*41 & 42 Nassau St., Dublin, Ireland. October, 1947.

first census. In 1790 it would appear that 9.7% of the white population originated in Ireland of "Celtic-Irish" and "Scotch-Irish" stock. On the basis of this estimate and the total white population of 3,172,000, in 1790, there were probably 300,000 people of Irish birth or antecedents of whom 120,000 may possibly have been Celtic Irish, an American misnomer for the less highly considered Catholic Irish.

In view of the paucity of Irish Catholics, it was remarkable that so many of this oppressed group served in the American Revolution: two of General Washington's aides-de-camp were Irish-born officers; Captain John Barry, father of the American navy, played a heroic part in the Revolution and our quasi-war with France of the Directory; the rich Charles Carroll of Carrollton was one of the 55 signers of the radical Declaration of Independence; two Irishmen, Thomas Fitzsimons, merchant, and Daniel Carroll, were among the 39 framers of the federal Constitution; and three or four Catholics served in the 1st Congress. This small Catholic group carried its weight, and partly because of the substantial character and education of its leaders.

The growth of the Catholic Church and of its Irish constituency was small and untabulated in the 30 years following establishment of the federal government. European revolutions, wars, blockades, the demand for labor, together with President Jefferson's nonintercourse and embargo acts, and Mr. Madison's War of 1812, the Sec-

ond War of Independence, explain a dwarfish immigration to the American Republic, with its experimental government and precarious existence, according to European critics and officials who would keep their laboring classes at home. The total number of arrivals in American ports jumped to 30,000 in 1817, but this postwar immigration declined in the two or three following years of depression. Some newcomers even returned to the British Isles as a refuge from unemployment in American coastal cities.

The government officially estimates immigrants at 250,000 for 1790 to 1820. Of this number, Bishop Shaughnessy has figured that 77,000 were probably Catholics of one nationality or another. Of the total, only a fraction of the arrivals came from Ireland and of this Irish number only a small minority was Catholic. New England, whose first Catholic church dated from 1788, had few Catholics in 1820, and no appreciable number until after 1840. In 1798 Bishop Carroll learned that there were only 210 Catholics in Massachusetts. As late as 1822, Bishop Joseph Fenwick, S.J., of Boston, reported only 150 Catholics in New Hampshire. Thirteen years later he noted 720 in Connecticut. In 1820 the Catholics of Rhode Island, numbering 1,000, received their first resident priest, and nine years later erected their first frame church.

Irish immigrants landed largely at the ports of Philadelphia and New York, with small numbers at Baltimore and southern coast towns like

Charleston, S. C. Because the new German immigration did not assume consequential proportions until the late 1830's, Catholic growth depended upon the natural increase in the native population and upon Irish immigration. And only in the narrow belt between New York City and Baltimore was there a sufficient growth in the Irish and Catholic population to arouse nativist hostility or cause politicians to organize the Irish vote.

The year 1820 marked the beginning of a new epoch in Irish immigration and in U. S. prosperity and progress. The reasons were the push of bad times from a heavily populated, non-industrial agrarian country whose agriculture was in competition with new American lands, extensively instead of intensively tilled; and, on the other side, the pull of the states as they entered a boom era of developing industry, a rising factory system, internal improvements, public works, accumulating capital, relatively unbelievable wages as compared with English and Irish standards, agricultural expansion, and a westward migration from the Atlantic coast of natives and older immigrants who left jobs and opportunities behind them for new immigrants who were more easily satisfied. The U. S. needed shovel-and-pick Irishmen, and many an educated Irishman, who found no "respectable" white-collar employment, took to better-paying labor and profited thereby in the long run.

Immigrants met no enthusiastic reception. The ideals of the Declaration

of Independence, the rights of man and democracy in action fell short of theoretical promises of a new-world image for new men. And Anglo-American ascendancy, which was based upon property, education, religious affiliations, and the exclusive privilege of voting and officeholding, controlled politically and economically every old state, in practice if not in law. Gradually, as years passed, the sheer weight of immigrant numbers deprived the priority groups and state aristocracies of their monopolistic status, though they long retained a favorable position in social, economic and educational life. State churches were gradually shorn of their power, legal and assumed. All white men obtained the suffrage, first in the new states with more democratic constitutions, and then in the old states with the adoption of constitutions rewritten within democratic processes and in harmony with the new social order. Religious freedom, bills of natural rights, universal white manhood suffrage, the virtual elimination of property and religious tests for officeholding, and the right of labor to organize peacefully prevailed throughout the Union by 1842.

Foreigners visualized the theories of the Declaration of Independence and the Bill of Rights of the federal Constitution as guarantees of an ideal commonwealth for all men, regardless of position, wealth, birth, national origin, race, color or creed. They learned differently. State laws and local ordinances protected property and capi-

tal; the average poor man was left to protect himself. Poverty was a disgrace, regarded as a natural incident of a man's ineffectiveness or vices. Poor relief was unknown except as a frank charity. Imprisonment for debt was only recently outlawed. Law enforcement was strict for Irish immigrants without knowledge or legal advice. They had to be kept in their place. Little evidence was required for a jury to convict an Irishman or any other immigrant.

Nativist antiforeignism was vicious, especially in periods of depression and seasonal unemployment. The communal conscience lagged behind the law. The lowest native looked with disdain on any foreign laborer, much as an illiterate southern poor white of today does upon any Negro, regardless of the latter's possible superiority in every measurable respect.

Labor was well paid by the day, but only for the days of actual employment. Work confined to immigrants was dangerous, arduous, seasonal, dependent upon climatic conditions, of doubtful tenure, and speeded up in a competitive labor market. The plantation slave faced the lash of the whip; the so-called "Irish nigger" was driven to hard work by insecurity and a determination to send for his beloved folks at home. At any rate, the Irish navvies built roads, embankments and levees, improved harbors, drained swamps and dug canals. Native white men wanted none of this work. Slaveowners would not hire their expensive Negroes for such hazardous, exhaust-

ing labor. What with extremes of climate, changed diet, malaria, a tendency to tuberculosis, intensive sunrise-to-dark hours of labor, loneliness, and an unsanitary slum existence, the early Irish immigrants, coming in their prime, had a life expectancy of about 12 years.

Along the canals and roads there traveled Irish missionary priests who preached the Gospel, urged temperance, and counseled charity to ignorant men, who often engaged in murderous county fights and who sometimes rioted when subcontractors absconded without paying them or after settling with them in the paper money of doubtful state and private banks. Out of the laborers' Mass shanties, parishes slowly evolved as laborers and immigrants settled near the public works, and a generation later some of the parishes became dioceses. In the cities and towns along the canals and later along the railroads, the Church was established, as in the coast cities, far more substantially than in the rural districts. In spite of antiforeign, nativist clamor, an occasional church burning, the destruction of the Ursuline convent near Boston, and a wave of anti-Catholic literature in the wake of Catholic Emancipation in the British Isles, the Catholic Church progressed amazingly through the 1830's. In 1840 there were probably 663,000 Catholics in a national population of 17,069,453.

Fortunately for Irish immigrants, the states were passing through a social reformation and a political revolu-

tion in a popular effort of the discontented classes to make democracy work. Again, the "hungry 40's" of the British Isles were the "roaring 40's" of plenty in the U.S. Capital, largely British, wanted cheap manpower. It cared little about the national origin or religious beliefs of imported workers. Nor did manufacturers hesitate to stimulate immigration, as individual states did a decade later. Management was far more tolerant than native labor, which faced immigrant competition and the Irish acceptance of lower wages, wretched working conditions, and a cheaper standard of living. Foreign labor was easily satisfied with American conditions at a time when native workers were anxious to unionize. Minimum subsistence for a native spelled luxury for an alien laborer from the British Isles.

The ill effects of the panic of 1837, with resultant unemployment for aliens, were passing when the Whigs came into power (1841). In Ireland there was the push of agrarian troubles, clearances, overcrowded and hand-tilled lands, high rentals for miniature plots, and over-age population, and the hopelessness of a country doomed to export men. From the States came exaggerated accounts of immigrants who had succeeded, generous remittances in unbelievable volume, and prepaid passages for relatives and dependents. The average Irish laborer and domestic was loyal beyond reproach to his people, the Old Sod, and his Church. And the Irish began to come in a mighty volume: 238,847

arrivals were recorded in the years 1841 to 1846.

Then came the potato failure in Ireland, famine, road fever, cholera and smallpox. Curiously, Irish Americans of today like to claim a pre-famine arrival as Californians boast of being descendants of the '49ers. At all events, the famine sent forth laborers and peasants as well as broken small farmers who had been prosperous enough to withstand the earlier immigrant fever.

For the three decades, 1841-70, there were recorded entries of 780,719; 914,119; and 435,778 persons from Ireland, compared to 434,626; 951,667, and 787,468 Germans, who would then include Austrians, Hungarians, and Bohemians. Unnumbered Irish came by way of Canada, whose economy could not absorb the famine-forced immigration, and many well-advised Irishmen came via Canada as the cheap route along the St. Lawrence river and the Great Lakes into our western country, whose sparsely settled states were canvassing for settlers. Only the East was becoming temporarily crowded. Irish-born persons in the States numbered 961,719 in 1850; 1,611,304 in 1860; and 1,855,827 in 1870.

Irish concentration was in the cities, though it must be noted that the Irish element in the West would be largely American-born, trekking with their fellow citizens to the westward moving frontier. Well-intentioned but short of vision, some eastern pastors and prelates, especially Archbishop



Hughes of New York, discouraged a westward movement of their people lest there be increased losses of faith. By 1860 the narrow and unwise policy was counteracted by the Irish press and western churchmen, who sounded a call for immigrants who could buy land in 80-acre tracts at \$1.25 an acre and, after 1862, obtain western land free by living on it and making minimum improvements. The German immigrants went west in large numbers and took up cheap and free lands, whereas the great majority of the Irish missed the God-given opportunity to root themselves into the soil and leave the slums and exploiting factories behind them.

The hardships of the long passage of three to six weeks cannot be overstated: crowded decks, unsanitary holds, unseaworthy vessels worse than slavers, paupers with their sacks of potatoes, immigrants with their own bedding and food to cook, eternal danger of fire, almost continuous sea burials of cholera victims, especially women and babies, fearful bewilderment, frequent shortages of food and water, terrifying storms, arrogant officers and criminal-minded crews. On landing, the wretched people were thrown into pest houses if sick, and, if well, faced runners and harpies from boarding houses, forwarding agencies, employment officers, and houses of ill fame. By the mid-50's there was much improvement because of racial immigrant-aid societies, shipping regulations, the suppression of secret societies, better policing, and greater inter-

est in arrivals on the part of churchmen. But the slums of Philadelphia and New York grew worse, until they approximated the cellars and rookeries of the St. Giles area of London. Drunkenness, vice, crime, clannishness, and lawlessness became characteristics of the Irish slums into which filtered the immigrants who failed.

The great majority managed well enough, and the great majority kept the faith as their ancestors did in the penal centuries, and this despite irresponsible statements of Bishop England, who declared, in 1836, that 3,750,000 immigrants lost the faith in the past 50 years. His successor advised a returning priest, in 1852, that he would "serve religion by proceeding, on your return to Ireland, from parish to parish, and telling the people not to lose their immortal souls by coming to America." About this time, Father Mullen, a collector for the Catholic University of Ireland, imagined that there were 2 million apostate Irish in the States. There were statements that "the Irish of the second generation generally gave up the Church." All these groundless figures gave Know-Nothing critics a satisfying belief that Irish Catholicism must die in a democratic land where education was free and unrestrained. As time went on Cahensly and his followers insisted that from ten to 16 million Catholics of all nations had been lost by 1890.

But somehow or other the Catholic Church experienced a remarkable growth, and the weight of numbers gave the Church a standing in a land

where wealth and votes have always counted. According to reasonable estimates, there were probably 1,606,000 Catholics in 1850; 3,103,000 in 1860; and 4,504,000 in 1870. As only about a third of the German immigrants were Catholics, and other Catholic immigration, aside from the Canadian, was comparatively negligible until 1880, it is a safe enough guess that the Irish people counted 60% of the total Catholic population.

In the mid-50's the onrush was over. Pressure in Ireland was relieved; the immigrating classes were exhausted. Hostility and the panic of 1857 deterred potential Irish Catholic immigrants, who realized, from their American correspondence, that they would face unemployment with the sharp curtailment of industry and the virtual cessation of public works and construction. "No Irish need apply" was attached to jobs. The major political parties were tinged with a nativist coloring. Attacks on Catholic schools, elimination of state financial aid for most Catholic schools, antipapal riots, murderous assaults on Irish colonies in certain cities, abolition of Irish and German military companies, the exclusion of Irishmen from party tickets and from trade unions, defeat of foreigners and Catholics who were candidates for office—these were characteristic of the Know-Nothing frenzy. Actually the class consciousness of the Irish, the silencing of racial conflicts within the Church, and the Church itself may have been strengthened by the clashes.

But hostility was temporary, for both organized bigotry and depression fell before the Civil-War demand for soldiers and labor. President Lincoln and Secretary of State Seward sent Archbishop John Hughes of New York to win sympathy for the Northern cause in Ireland, England, France and Rome. Northern agents were recruiting laborers, if not prospective soldiers, in Ireland to the point of a parliamentary inquiry into breach of English law and neutrality. French-Canadian migrants, free of the draft as were all aliens, were encouraged to come southward to work in U. S. factories. Loyalty, patriotism, poverty and bounties brought innumerable Irish and German volunteers into the Northern armies. The Confederate forces had a fair percentage of Irishmen, although most immigrants preferred to keep away from the rural, slave-labor Southern states. There were about 200,000 Irish-born soldiers in the Northern armies, quite aside from the sons and grandsons of Irishmen, in their national brigades, regiments, and companies as well as in the ranks of every fighting unit from states east and west. It is no overstatement to suggest that the North could not have won the Civil war without the Irish and German immigrant as soldier, war worker and farmer. On the other hand, the war silenced nativist hostility for a generation, even as it marked the beginning of the acceptance of Irishmen in the life of the nation, as far as politics, lesser offices, jobs as artisans and clerks and even

teachers in the lower schools, entrance into professions and newspaper offices and city employment were concerned.

During the decades of 1870, 1880 and 1890, recorded Irish arrivals at American ports were 436,871; 655,482; and 388,416, falling about 800,000 behind immigrants from the German Empire. No doubt there were many Irishmen by birth and descent among the 1.6 million persons who came to the U.S. from Great Britain in that 30-year period. In the last decade of the century, Irish immigrants were surpassed in numbers by the Italians with 651,893, the subjects of Francis Joseph with 592,707, and the Russians with 505,290—the so-called new immigration. The volume of the Irish movement year by year reflected difficulties in the old land, the potato crop, boom and depression years in the U. S., and the competition of Southern and Eastern European immigrants who were pushing the Irish out of and generally above casual labor and the unskilled jobs in factory and mine.

The Irish in the U. S. were becoming accepted as they rose from the lower ranks into the crafts, professions, business, political offices, controlling leadership in trade unions, and even into teaching positions in the public high schools in the larger cities. Progress had been tediously slow in an America dominated by capitalism and an inherited Anglo-Saxon racialism, which looked down upon the Celt as an inferior and despised his Catholic Church. The third generation profited from the struggles of their

parents and the sacrificing hardships endured by their grandparents. This rise of the Irish people on the American ladder assisted the Church.

Nativist attacks on the Catholic Church were less effective in the 90's, even though fully as bitter as in the Know-Nothing days. Catholic figures increased to figures frightening to provincial-minded opponents, who were concentrated in the working classes and in the rural areas of the Midwest and South: 4,504,000, in 1870; 6,259,000 in 1880; 8,909,000 in 1890; and 12,041,000 in 1900. In corresponding manner, there was a noteworthy increase of priests, Brothers, nuns, churches, colleges, schools, and charitable institutions. Unbelievable was the progress into the cathedral and stone-church era. There were weaknesses almost overlooked in the glorious Irish advance; avoidable leakage, losses to the faith in the upper ranks, entirely disproportionate numbers in the large cities for people whose European roots were so largely in the soil, general and often blind adherence to one party, clanlike loyalty to political bosses and wardheelers of doubtful public morality, racial hostilities, and an acceptance of materialist yardsticks for success.

Irish arrivals have declined in the last four decades to a small percentage of the total immigration. In 1901-10 Irishmen were counted at 339,065 in a total of 8.8 millions. In the next two decades the Irish were listed at 146,181 and 220,591 in totals which dropped to 5.7 million and 4.1 million immi-

grants, because of the immigration restrictions, the World War, quota laws, postwar depression and revolutionary changes in Europe. In comparison with the hordes of "new immigrants" the Irish were almost regarded as returning natives. Similarly the Irish-Americans were being recognized by the Sons and Daughters of the American Revolution. Indeed, they rated higher than the Germans, who were abused during the 1st World War by narrow-minded patriots despite their universal support of the war when the U. S. was involved.

The inflow of Irishmen was a small trickle, though again English and Scottish Irishmen must have been hidden away in the 1.2 million who came in the first 30 years of the century from Great Britain. The decade of world depression, dictatorships, and racialism, with mass murder, saw only a net immigration of 94,183 persons enter U. S. ports directly from Europe. Of this number about 11,000 were Irish.

The Catholic Church has prospered in the U. S., as the fairly accurate 1947 estimate of 25,268,173 communicants indicates. With the cutting down of immigration and a marked tendency on the part of older immigrant stocks for later marriages and fewer children, the growth has not been phenomenal for 30 years, despite a continuing increase in conversions up to an estimated 100,000 for the past year. Counting nonconfessants and "minimum Catholics," the above number may fall short by some millions. Of Irish numbers in the Catholic population, there is no way of making a close estimate in view of the three or four generations of their settlement, their integration into the general population, their acculturation, as Americanizers have it, their intermarriage with other stocks, and their higher death rate as dwellers in metropolitan areas and industrial centers. Certainly, however, it is no overstatement to suggest that half the U. S. Catholic population are of Irish origin.



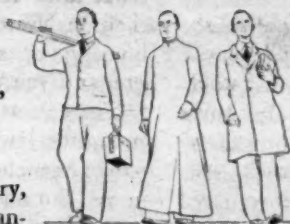
### Organized Nun

**T**HE Notre Dame convent choir in Ottawa was about to sing on a Nov. 3 radio broadcast celebrating National Education week in Canada. Up popped Petrillo; the American Federation of Musicians had ruled that the choir could not go on the air unless the accompanist was union. Whereupon Sister St. Francis, at the organ, dug out a card from Local 802 which showed her a member in good standing. The show went on.

*Newsweek* (17 Nov. '47).

# The Marianists

By  
WILLIAM FERREE,  
S.M.



Condensed from the  
*Marianist*\*

THE Society of Mary, known as the Marianists, to distinguish them from another Society of the same name popularly called the Marists, was founded in Bordeaux, France, in 1817, by Father William Joseph Chaminade.

Because he had lived through the French Revolution and been exiled to Spain for three years, he had firsthand experience of the development of the anti-Christian spirit of modern times. His work was colored by his realization of the strength of the anti-Christians. When he returned from exile in 1800, he organized the youth of Bordeaux, giving them as their incentive the fervor of the first Christian communities.

The sodality into which he enrolled them was a considerable departure from the historic pattern of such organizations. He did not conceive of it as a training school from which leaders could be sent out into the world, but rather as a new Christian community into which the young people of the world could be brought, to lead a full Christian life. For this reason he opened it to every condition of life and to every class of society, to both sexes,

to all ages, and to all professions. No kind of work was really excluded. Great insistence was placed on intimate collaboration of clergy and laity, such as existed in the first apostolic ages.

For characteristic spiritual doctrine Father Chaminade gave to his followers an intense devotion to the blessed Mother, but like everything else in his foundations this devotion had a definition of its own. For Father Chaminade devotion to the blessed Mother was synonymous with conformity with Christ. He reasoned that the business of the Christian is the faithful imitation of Christ; but Christ became the Son of Mary for the salvation of mankind; therefore, the Christian can best attain his end by becoming, in imitation of Christ, the son of Mary for the salvation of mankind. The sodality was recognized as "the Family of Mary" and was distinguished by an intense family spirit. A total consecration was demanded of every member according to his state, and a great spirit of faith was insisted upon so that such a consecration actually could be lived out in any state of life.

Within this first society there grad-

\*108 Franklin St., Dayton, 2, Ohio. January, 1948.



# THE CATHOLIC DIGEST *Monthly Magazine*

EDUCATIONAL • COLORFUL • CONVENIENT • CATHOLIC

FOR YOURSELF, A FRIEND, OR BOTH

*Send The Catholic Digest to:*

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street or R. F. D. \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

Zone \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_

*A card announcing your gift will be sent unless you specify otherwise.*

AS A GIFT FROM

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street or R. F. D. \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

Zone \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_

3 Years \$6.75 ☐

2 Years \$5.00 ☐

1 Year \$3.00 ☐

Check or Cash Enclosed ☐

Send Me A Bill Later ☐



Postage  
Will Be Paid  
by  
Addressee

No  
Postage Stamp  
Necessary  
If Mailed in the  
United States

**BUSINESS REPLY CARD**

First Class Permit No. 607, Section 510, P. L. & R. St. Paul, Minnesota

**THE CATHOLIC DIGEST**

**41-45 EAST EIGHTH ST.**

**ST. PAUL, 2, MINN.**



ual  
crat  
apo  
the  
of  
ing  
gro  
pow  
gro  
F  
of t  
bra  
ing  
Soc  
was  
sod  
one  
a sy  
Soc  
Cat  
T  
out  
ren  
the  
com  
apo  
com  
and  
Dat  
Sist  
the  
lar)  
of  
unl  
its  
ed  
unc  
Ch  
imm  
tian  
Soc

ually developed a group which consecrated itself entirely to the Christian apostolate while continuing to live in the world. Members took private vows of chastity, obedience, and the teaching of the Christian faith, so that the group would serve as an interior powerhouse of leadership for the larger group in which it had grown up.

Finally, in 1815 and 1817, a number of the "Religious living in world" embraced the full Religious life by founding the Daughters of Mary and the Society of Mary. Originally their task was to train and direct members of the sodality. It soon became evident that one of the best instruments would be a system of Christian schools, that both Societies could turn their attention to Catholic education of all kinds.

The Societies which thus grew up out of Father Chaminade's sodality remained remarkably consistent with the original sodality in organization, composition, spiritual doctrine, and apostolate. The complex organization, consisting of priests, teaching Brothers, and working Brothers (and the Daughters of Mary, consisting of choir Sisters, working Sisters, and Sisters of the Third Orders Regular and Secular), was built on a solid foundation of intense family spirit. The original unlimited apostolate was retained in its entirety. The organization proceeded at every step of its development under the sense of crisis that Father Chaminade had developed from his immediate contact with the anti-Christian forces of his time. In a letter to the Society in 1839 he said, "It seems that

the time is near when we are to witness what has been foretold, a general defection and an all but universal apostasy."

The institution founded so expressly to meet a crisis had many points of originality, and departed sometimes radically from traditional practices. The new Society was to have no exterior Religious garb, was not bound to the office of choir, and gave lay members, even those engaged in the trades and household duties, complete equality with priests as far as membership was concerned.

Father Chaminade anticipated by well over a century many of the most striking features of Catholic Action as proposed to the Catholic world by Pope Pius XI. The first apostolic document received by the Society of Mary from Pope Gregory XVI reads like a document on Catholic Action by Pius XI: "Their end is excellent and very salutary; for the only object in receiving into these Congregations members of either sex and of every condition of life [union of clergy and laity, universal membership] is to propagate everywhere the Catholic religion, to diffuse the knowledge of faith, to labor for the good education of youth, and finally, to guide the peoples of the earth in the paths of justice [a universal Christian apostolate]—every member according to his talents, position, and employment [the apostolate in one's own milieu], exercising the works of charity towards all men [universality of apostolic means], in order to promote the eternal salvation of all."

This is almost certainly the only papal document before those of Pope Pius XI which brings together in one passage all the key ideas of the modern apostolate.

All of Father Chaminade's work was based upon a technique which he referred to as "the multiplication of Christians," that formed active apostles. In practice this meant an organization in concentric circles. Accordingly the original sodality maintained a number of subsidiary organizations through which its members influenced the world around them while the sodality itself was kept alive and active by the group of "Religious living in the world." The center of guidance was the full Religious Society, the Society of Mary, in which there were still further centers of influence, the priests for doctrinal and spiritual guidance and the working Brothers as a kind of powerhouse of prayer.

It was only by reason of such a concentric organization that Father Chaminade could claim a real universality of apostolate. Certainly no Religious Society could of itself and with its own members undertake a program of action as unlimited as that which Father Chaminade chose for his own. But as the center of a network of ever-widening circles a Society could really claim the attribute of universality in the literal sense of the word.

The two great instruments which Father Chaminade chose to build those circles of influence around his Religious Society were the sodality and all its subsidiary organizations, and Christian schools of all kinds and at all levels. Through the latter he could constantly recruit in every succeeding generation increasing numbers of youth, and through the former he could maintain fruitful contact with them throughout their whole life.

The two instruments were always to work hand in hand, the school as the great organ of recruitment to the apostolate and the sodality as the great organization through which that apostolate would influence the world. Lacking either, Father Chaminade's vast ideas and plans would be unattainable, and without Father Chaminade's vast ideas and plans behind them the instruments themselves would be commonplace.

After Father Chaminade's death his plans and ideas were somewhat eclipsed, and the Society of Mary became simply another teaching Order. But the Society spread through all the continents of the world and all of the schools were marked with the three characteristics that time could not erase from the work of Father Chaminade: an intense family spirit between teachers and pupils, a strong devotion to the blessed Virgin, and a continual insistence upon the apostolic nature of



the Christian life. The sodalities, however, instead of functioning as Father Chaminade wished, as a vast apostolic network radiating out from the schools through their graduates, became mere auxiliary societies within the schools themselves.

But soon after the founder died one of the greatest of his followers, Father Joseph Simler, began to rediscover the magnitude of Father Chaminade's original plan. Through his efforts most of Father Chaminade's correspondence has been published. In the light of this rediscovery, as well as under the impulse of the modern theories of Catholic Action, the many schools of the Society of Mary throughout the world are making great efforts to recapture the full scope of the mission received from their founder. The Society is still young as the age of Religious Orders is reckoned: it is not hard to see in the period when Father Chaminade's full apostolic plans were somewhat eclipsed a kind of adolescence in which the principal energies of the Society went into growth of bone and sinew. In the U. S. alone, for example, during the century in which the Society has been established here a great educational system has been set up consisting of about 35 high schools, two universities, and other institutions in which almost 900 Religious are educating more than 20,000

Catholic boys and young men. The work of the Society in the U. S. is divided into two provinces, the older with its motherhouse at Dayton, Ohio, and the other with its headquarters at Kirkwood, Mo. There are eight other provinces throughout the world, three in France, and one each in Spain, Italy, Switzerland, Austria, and Japan. The Japanese province consists almost entirely of native Religious, priests and Brothers, and offers great promise of an organizational formula which can develop throughout the whole vast territory of non-European peoples.

An encouraging aspect of the life of the Society in America is the great interest shown by the younger members both in the sodality of Father Chaminade and in Catholic Action. The University of Dayton, in fact, has become one of the centers around which the apostolate of Catholic Action is being developed in secondary schools and colleges.

The work of Father Chaminade, conceived in crisis and developed in the face of the growing antireligious tendencies of our times, will have a great part to play in the religious renewal demanded by all modern popes and particularly by Pope Pius XI. Few organizations have such great reserves of apostolic motivation to draw on or are so well adapted to meeting the many-sided crises of our times.



**H**ITTING the ceiling is no way to get up in the world.

Aunt Stella in the *Milwaukee Newman Club Bulletin* (2 Oct. '47).



A bad book

# Manifesto Centennial

By DAVID GOLDSTEIN

Condensed from *Social Justice Review*\*

THE year 1948 marks the 100th anniversary of the publication of the *Communist Manifesto*, the charter of the international Socialist movement, that is held to be to modern Socialism what the Declaration of Independence is to America. It was written by Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels, fathers of the modern Socialist movement of the world, at the behest of the Communist League of London, an organization that was the outgrowth of the "League of the Just." Marx and Engels joined the Communist league after the members agreed to drop its shibboleth, "All men are brothers," and to adopt "Proletarians of the world, unite," later inserted in the *Manifesto*.

It was called the communist instead of the Socialist *Manifesto*, said Engels, to distinguish its principles and class character from the theories and proposals of the Owenites of England, the Weitlings of Germany, the Fourierists, St. Simonians and Cabets of France, and other advocates of utopias who called themselves Socialists.

The *Manifesto* is an indictment of the capitalist system, which has and had features in it deserving of condemnation, especially at the time the *Manifesto* was written. But it is an

indictment based upon the assumptions that private ownership of the means of production and exchange must inevitably lead to a degraded, pauperized condition of the working class; that with the increased use of machinery the burden of toil increases and the prolongation of the working hours takes place; that wages rest exclusively on competition between laborers, that the modern laborer, instead of rising with the progress of industry, sinks deeper, becoming a pauper, and that pauperism develops more rapidly than population and wealth.

But pauperization of the proletariat is not bemoaned by *Communist Manifesto* ideologists: It is rather looked forward to longingly as the road to the emancipation of the proletariat, just as the Kremlin looks forward wishfully to a depression in the U.S. as a communist revolutionary asset.

The working conditions and wage scale of the toilers in the land from which the *Communist Manifesto* emanated was brutalizing in 1848. Engels knew the conditions in his father's cotton spinning factory in Manchester. The long hours of toil, low wages, sweatshop conditions, and tenement housing in the U.S. also

\*3835 Westminster Place, St. Louis, 8, Mo. October, 1947.

were deplorable during the greater part of the last century. But the conditions of employment, hours of labor, wage scales, and housing have progressively bettered instead of deteriorated, thanks to the trade unions, trade agreements and collective bargaining, state legislation and a more wholesome public sentiment. Pauperism and sweatshop conditions have almost disappeared.

It is true, as the *Communist Manifesto* says, that "owing to the extensive use of machinery and the division of labor, the work of the proletarians has lost its traditional character, and consequently, all charm for the workman." The traditional "charm" of the work of the artisan of old has long been disappearing. Will it return? Will the working conditions of the toilers be improved by substituting state for private ownership of the machines? Will it bring back the "charm" of work? Surely conditions in Russia, where private ownership of the means of production and exchange was abolished 30 years ago, do not permit of an affirmative reply. There is so much less "charm for the workman" employed under a speed-up system at the socialized machines in the Soviet Union than in capitalist America that U. S. workmen would not tolerate the conditions for a moment. The "charm" of work is still further lessened in the Soviet state-owned factories by the piecework system that predominates to a degree unknown in capitalist America since the sweatshop system was abolished.

After 30 years of state instead of private ownership of land and capital, after the several "five-year plans" to speed up production, even after having had the aid of American engineers, machinery, and finance to build up Soviet industries, the relative income of the socialized workers in the Soviet Union is so far below the American capitalist rate that a few years of employment in Russia of the communists in our country would be a sure cure for their un-Americanism.

Only persons who will not look facts in the face would claim that the standard of living has ever been as high in Russia as in the U. S. Latest evidence comes from the U. S. Bureau of Labor Statistics, in its survey of "Prices, Rations and Wages in the Soviet Union," in its July, 1947, *Monthly Labor Review*. It shows that the standard of living of the average American today, in terms of what his wages will buy, is almost ten times higher than the average Russian worker receives. Take bread and butter: the *Review* shows that the average Russian worker can buy 23 loaves of bread with his 120-ruble average weekly wage; whereas the American worker can buy 390 loaves of bread with his average wage. The Russian worker can buy four pounds of butter with his weekly wage; whereas the American worker can buy about 70 pounds. The report was in line with the account of two investigators who, after recent trips to the Soviet Union, report that it takes nine hours of work to buy the food that an American worker can

obtain with three hours of work (N. Y. *Journal American*, Jan. 3, 1947). The A. F. of L. *Monthly Survey* (May, 1947) gives similar figures, showing that "the average Russian worker's standard is lower than it had been before the days of communism."

Despite the unsoundness of the philosophy of the *Communist Manifesto*; its discredited prediction of an ever-increasing pauperization of the toilers as long as private ownership of the means of production and exchange obtains; the statistically refuted claim that the middle class would be wiped out; its discredited claim that a communist counterrevolution would take place in Germany following a "bourgeois revolution" in 1848—despite all this the *Communist Manifesto* retains its power in the Socialist-communist world. It teaches the Marxians the art of shifting the ground in arguments; how to put the other fellow on the defensive; how to muddy the intellectual waters by the use of now-you-see-it-and-now-you-don't tactics.

The *Communist Manifesto* instills the necessity and justification of the use of violence, as Lenin, Trotsky, Stalin, Molotov and the other Bolsheviks used it when, after failing to obtain more than 25% of the 36 million votes cast in Russia's first free

election, they overthrew by force the democratic Constituent Assembly and government that had forced the czar to abdicate. These are its words, "The communists disdain to conceal their views and aims. They openly declare that their ends can be attained only by the forcible overthrow of all existing social conditions. Let the ruling class tremble at a communist revolution."

When Frederick II of Prussia spoke of the lapse of religious faith and practice in his time, Voltaire said to him with glee, "Sire, all that you see is the work of books." The books came first, and then came the tumbrels and the guillotine. What Voltaire said to his friend Frederick II in the 18th century is true in the 20th. Books precede disruption, if they be evil. Such a book is the 50-page *Communist Manifesto*, for which posthumous honor will be bestowed upon its authors, Marx and Engels, during the 100th anniversary of its publication. Its atheistic, freedom-denying, enslaving, world-endangering doctrines, strategy and objective may well make all lovers of God and country "tremble," unless an about-face is made and Christian love and equity are applied to domestic, economic, civil and social life, as well as to international relations.



CHILDREN may tear up a house but they can never break up a home.

V. S. Alex Ranasinghe in the *New Review* (Oct. '47).

*Difference in attitude*

## *Problem in* **PRAGUE**



By PAUL WEST

LITTLE EVA is now 7½ years old. She was born in Prague. That was a bad place to be born, because her mother and father were Jews. Shortly after she was born her mother escaped to Palestine, and her father to England. They had to escape because the Germans under Adolf Hitler were conquering small countries and putting people to death, especially Jews. Little Eva was left in Prague. In England, her father became a member of the RAF. Now he is back in Prague, and he comes to see little Eva regularly.

The reason she is alive to see him is that she has been provided for by Catholics organized into a group called Charita. They had kept her in Prague, under a false name. They had successfully concealed her nationality, while assassins searched for her, because the assassins killed both Jews and those who harbored them. Eva is a pleasant, pretty girl, happily going to school.

Charita corresponds rather closely to the Catholic Charities in the U. S.

However, it is even more closely knit, older, and therefore more experienced. Indeed, by now it has had enough experience to last the rest of the lifetime of its members.

It is the organization which distributes the money, food, clothing, medical supplies, and transportation facilities donated by U. S. Catholics in answer to the appeal by the Bishops' Committee.

Catholics in the U. S. are generous. They give with all their hearts, and then forget even to ask where the stuff went.

In Czechoslovakia it went like this. The Czechs drove the Germans out of Prague in the four days, May 5 to 9 of 1945. They called it the revolution. For several months before that, displaced persons had been coming to Prague. The Germans were evacuating their concentration camps and driving columns on foot before them as they retreated and the U. S. army rolled forward.

Then in May, DP's came in astonishing numbers out of the camps and in astonishing condition, all of them hungry, many of them unclothed, and most of them diseased. They came from every nation: Poles, Yugoslavs, Greeks, Jews, Belgians, French, a few Americans—well, not from every nation, I suppose. The statistic is from 51 nations. Another statistic is that there were 1,700,000 of them. That is a lot of people in any of the 51 languages.

The Czech government was disorganized after the revolution and the

years of occupation, so that it could do practically nothing. But Charita took care of them. Charita had known what was coming. They had prepared for it in advance, in secret and under the fear of death. It sounds silly to say a Catholic group should be in fear of death because they were preparing to dispense charity. But that is how it was. You don't even prepare to feed and clothe inferior races when you are occupied by the nazis.

Charita took care of the DP's. And the result was, of course, that Charita was impoverished. But the Catholics of the U. S. replied in their American fashion to their bishops' appeal, and in May, 1947, there arrived in Prague 37 carloads of food.

That was not all the food the U. S. Catholics sent to Europe. That is the first shipment of food to Czechoslovakia—relatively a well-off country. And William Sullivan, who is director of War Relief Services of the NCWC in Prague, says it was wonderful food. The Americans didn't donate just any old thing. That first shipment was the best out of America, and Charita under Sullivan's direction distributed it throughout the country.

Since then in Czechoslovakia Charita has distributed \$1,250,000 worth of food, clothing, medical supplies, transportation, and the like. That is a statistic, but you can hardly expect me to write down here the names of all the people who ate the food and wore the clothes, even if I felt like doing it.

That is what the Catholics do. Now let me tell you what the communists

do. It won't take long. They steal whatever they can: supplies left by UNRRA and some given by U. S. Catholics. Then they dole it out to the poor and make rice-communists out of them. I couldn't find anyone in Prague who ever heard of any supplies from Russia, that promised land, being shipped out of Russia to feed the hungry.

This is how it goes when they get control of a country. Communism takes away what food is there and then stands before the people with a plate of butter in one hand and a gun in the other, and says, "This butter is yours, after you complete the first five-year plan. You come and get it. And if you don't come and get it, look what I have in my other hand."

Such a thing doesn't happen, of course, until the iron curtain goes down. But it is not, of course, an iron curtain. It is one of sand.

You know that Russia took Ruthenia in March, 1945. Ruthenia had been part of Czechoslovakia since the 1st World War. It was bordered by Poland on the north and Russia on the east. Now there is such a curtain between Ruthenia and Czechoslovakia. It is about 65 miles long. It consists of three barbed-wire barriers (and road blocks) about a mile and a half apart. The land between the barriers has been leveled off and sanded. It is of course constantly guarded. To cross the border, then, a Ruthenian must get through three fences, walk or crawl across three miles of leveled land. If one does get through, his tracks are



clearly visible in the morning. Repairs can then be made and more guards posted, so that the inhabitants of the promised land can be persuaded to remain there.

Yet, though you would not believe

it, people get through. Only last week, as I write, a priest got through that barbed wire curtain and was helped in Prague to proceed to Rome. He was of the opinion that Russian Ruthenia was not a promised land.

*Ink on his crozier*

## Printing-Press Bishop

By  
RICHARD GINDER



Condensed from the  
*St. Anthony Messenger\**

**J**UST a minute now, please!" Necks craned in the stuffy little auditorium as a voice rang out from somewhere in the rear. A tall redhead was struggling to his feet.

"You claim to be a Catholic priest. May I ask what seminary you attended and where and by whom you were ordained?"

The speaker fidgeted nervously with the tails of his necktie but the chairman of the meeting jumped to his defense. Leaving his seat on the stage, he stood beside the guest speaker and began, in an officious voice, "The gentleman is out of order. Won't one of the ushers please take care of him? After all, this is a religious service. . . ."

A buzz of muffled comment swept the audience. Two or three men started hesitantly down from the back,

looking dubiously at the burly red-headed challenger.

"That's a fair question," the voice boomed on relentlessly and apparently not the least ruffled. Six feet tall and big-boned, the speaker looked as if he could make out well in any sort of fair encounter. "You claim to be a Catholic priest. Where were you ordained, Father? What diocese are you from?"

"Throw him out," someone shouted.

"Hold on," a high voice sang out on the other side. "The gentleman is right. Our speaker can surely answer those simple questions. After all, we believe in fair play, don't we?"

The crowd grew silent. Every eye was turned expectantly toward the "ex-priest."

"Very well, then," he began, bravely enough. "I'm from the diocese of Dur-

\*1615 Republic St., Cincinnati, 10, Ohio. October, 1947.

ham, N. Car. I was ordained in the cathedral of that city in 1906 by Bishop James Gibbons, now Cardinal of Baltimore."

"Sir, you're a liar. There is neither a Roman Catholic diocese nor a Roman Catholic cathedral of Durham, N. Car. And James Gibbons has been Archbishop of Baltimore since 1877."

Striding down the aisle the redhead threw back his overcoat, revealing his Roman collar.

"I happen to be Father John Noll, stationed at Besancon, Ind. This man is a fraud, a pretender, and an impostor. If you have any questions about the Catholic faith, ask me! I'll be glad to answer them. As for this gentleman—with a loose gesture towards the stage—"he has demonstrated tonight that he's nothing but a fountain of misinformation and fraud. . . ."

But that's as far as he got. By then the place was in an uproar.

So it was 40 years ago. Catholics were confronted not only by "ex-priests" and "ex-nuns" stumping around the country, but by an aggressive anti-Catholic press. Two such papers had, each of them, a weekly circulation of over 1 million. This generation is unfamiliar with titles such as *Appeal to Reason*, the *Menace*, the *Peril*, *Yellow Jacket*, *Melting Pot*, *People's Press*, *Guardian of Liberty*, and *Watson's Magazine*, but the bare mention of them is enough to make many an older priest shudder.

Father Noll was doing what he could. He took in every possible anti-Catholic lecture. He hounded speakers

from town to town. In fact, he had been given a year's leave of absence, so that he could devote himself to lecture courses for non-Catholics.

His very first publication, written during this time, *Kind Words from Your Pastor*, met with considerable success and has since run through 35 editions.

In parish work, at Hartford City, Ind., the young pastor took to printing parish announcements periodically. Thus began the *Parish Monthly*, his first entrance into publishing. He used to round it out with little articles, exposés of anti-Catholic lecturers, essays on Catholic beliefs and practices.

The *Monthly* began to get around. Neighboring pastors started asking if he wouldn't run off a few hundred copies for their congregations, too, with appropriate changes, of course.

And so Father Noll found himself a publisher. He took to it like a child to a roller coaster. Publishing was his dish, and he liked nothing so much as laying out his *Monthly* and poring over the galleys.

The big trouble was that his little sheet just wasn't adequate. Why not a full-blown weekly newspaper? Why not indeed? And so, just 35 years ago, was born *Our Sunday Visitor*, with its subtitle, "The Harmonizer," and the little symbol, famous now, of the clasped hands beneath the title.

Its first edition, May 5, 1912, retailed at 1¢ a copy and had a paid circulation of 35,000. One year later, circulation was 200,000. Volume III, No. 1 circulated 400,000, a journalistic *tour de*

force comparable, in its way, to the phenomenal success of *Life* in recent years.

*Our Sunday Visitor* was unique in answering a definite need; until it started, pastors were helpless before the *Menace*. It was in its field what *Faith of Our Fathers* was among books. And it grew until today circulation has reached 725,000.

Father Noll had to be a businessman. Think, for instance, only of the dizzying activity involved in acknowledging, recording, and billing for an accretion of 165,000 subscriptions in one year, together with the chore of writing the paper, reading the proof, and putting it together each week. Couldn't he get help? Certainly; but he was now stationed in Huntington, Ind., which is only another small town, and it takes quite a staff of clerks, packers, printers and bookkeepers to get out a paper with so large a circulation.

The local newspaper was in financial trouble. Father Noll bought it, to the mutual advantage of seller and buyer. That gave him his own printing plant, but only for a short time. It wasn't long before his paper outgrew even this, and then he had to build for himself.

The present plant, a four-story brick building covering half a city block, includes a few rooms set apart for his own use. Even today he steps in occasionally and seats himself wistfully at the big desk. It had been his dream to retire from active parish work and live at the plant, devoting himself 24

hours a day to the apostolate of the printed word.

But on May 13, 1925, the apostolic delegate notified him of his appointment to the see of Fort Wayne, vacated by death of Bishop Herman J. Aldering. Those who thought this would mean the end of his connection with *Our Sunday Visitor* were mistaken. He moved bag and baggage to his see city, it is true, but he had a telephone, and Huntington was only 25 miles away. Every week for four years the bishop laid aside mitre and crozier, journeyed to the plant, and spent a day scurrying from desk to composing room, then down to sneak a look at the huge rotary press, then over to the circulation department. In fact, he was likely to pop up any place in the plant, cigar in one hand, manuscript or proofs in the other. He was still putting the paper together, and writing most of it at the same time.

With the paper safely "put to bed," he would scrub his hands, slip the amethyst back on his finger, and resume his episcopal purple.

Future biographers are going to find themselves in a dilemma. They will have to chronicle Bishop Noll's many achievements, but in doing it they will surely tax credulity, for he proved to be much more than just a competent executive. He strode immediately to the front in national affairs.

In the October following his consecration, he was elected by his fellow hierarchs to the administrative board of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, where he served the maximum

term allowed to one member. But as soon as he was available again, he was re-elected and kept active until last fall, when his term expired a second time.

He had special charge of NCWC's lay organizations. Under his direction, for instance, the National Council of Catholic Men launched the Catholic Hour and the Hour of Faith. He saw them take over and build up the Narberth movement. He worked hard at organizing the Legion of Decency, and then, when he saw that pushed to success, he turned to the problem of cleaning up the magazine racks with his National Organization for Decent Literature. Currently, he is chairman of the Bishops' Committee for the Completion of the National Shrine in Washington.

At home, to mention only a few achievements, he reorganized the financial setup of his diocese and helped it weather the depression. He built the Central Catholic High school in Fort Wayne. Close to his heart are the Missionary Sisters of Our Lady of Victory, founded 25 years ago, and engaged in social work throughout the Southwest.

Through it all the bishop kept up a steady stream of writing. No issue of the *Visitor* has ever gone to press without some feature from his pen.

A few summers ago, he conceived the need of a series of texts for released-time classes in religion. Day after day he strode the floor, dictating to two secretaries. In three months the work was finished: four volumes!

His memory is phenomenal. An interview with him is one long procession of statistics, quotations and facts, outlining and interpreting some current problem. I recently heard Bishop Noll cite from memory the complete German election returns for year 1936—including the totals piled up by all five or six major parties. "It was in June and I happened to be in Munich that day," he said in explanation.

Confirmation tours bring no interruption. Articles, editorials, and fillers pour into Huntington from every town and hamlet in the diocese. Such a manuscript, written on tour and penned in meticulously legible longhand, might run somewhat as follows.

"To establish the ravages wrought by birth prevention in the past decade, we need only quote Dr. Alfred Herbst of the Johns Hopkins Medical Faculty. Writing in the *Ladies' Home Journal* of (Francis: I think it's August, 1941, but you had better check), Dr. Herbst wrote: (Francis: You'll find this quote in Fr. Schmiedeler's article, carried in the *Acolyte* toward the end of 1941)" —Francis Fink being the managing editor—and the article continues. The bishop carries his reference library between his ears, and he rarely misses!

Our Sunday Visitor, Inc., is a non-profit organization. Proceeds above operating expenses go to pious causes. The weekly is made up first in the national edition, then in ten diocesan editions: i.e., the national edition inserted in eight, 12 or more pages of diocesan news, for Fort Wayne, Covington, Ogdensburg, and so on.

Is it read? A 150-word appeal in recent issues brought a response of 8,400 letters. During the war, a soldier who wrote in appealing for religious articles was embarrassed by the deluge of replies. Eight government mail sacks arrived the first day following publication.

Recently Dorothy Day, of the *Catholic Worker*, told of having seen the paper in the most remote and unexpected places. She knew of families in isolated districts, deprived of priestly ministrations, in whom the faith had been kept alive for a generation solely by *Our Sunday Visitor*. It was their only contact with the faith.

For the clergy, Bishop Noll publishes the *Priest*. Organized in 1924 as the *Acolyte*, it underwent a thoroughgoing revision in format and editorial policy in 1942, following which it climbed immediately into first place, in point of circulation, among all national publications for the clergy.

As if this were not enough, *Our Sunday Visitor* press each year rolls off a huge volume of books and pamphlets. Bishop Noll's *Father Smith Instructs Jackson* has gone through more than 50 editions since 1913, and *Father*

John O'Brien's *Faith of Millions* has achieved a total circulation of 250,000 copies. The pamphlet list, not including the Catholic Hour talks, numbers over 150 titles, about a third written by the Bishop.

Bishop Noll at 72 is still a big man, tall and hefty, with that shock of red hair. Between confirming, ordaining, and appointing pastors, he finds time to write copy. Yet, strangely, his door is always open.

All his faculties are at the disposal of his readers. Let someone in Puyallup or Las Vegas raise a problem in statistics or propound an especially thorny difficulty, the letter will, likely as not, end up for reply on the bishop's desk in Fort Wayne, with a carbon copy of the answer being kept for publication in the *Visitor* under "Father Quiz."

Hand him proofs for the forthcoming issue and, whatever it may be, he'll read it, pen in hand, returning it with mystifying marginal scrawls and curlicues that mean nothing to the uninitiated but represent, to the printer, a perfect job of proofreading. The man simply can't keep his crozier out of his inkpot!

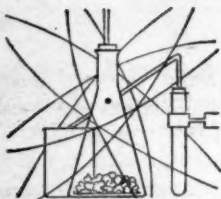


### Moscow Extension

THE average American used the telephone 301 times in 1946, and there are more than 30 million telephones in this country. Russia, on the other hand, has only 1½ million. But perhaps that's enough, considering that they are all on a party line.

The Nation (22 Nov. '47).





*Pandora's box goes Wells-Fargo*

## Atomic Energy for Hire

By C. LESTER WALKER

Condensed from *Nation's Business*\*

**B**ORIS and Alexander Pregel, Russian-born Americans with offices in New York's Radio City, head a business that looks like the harassed businessman's ideal.

It has only one competitor. The price of its product is high and never fluctuates. The inventory of its basic product never exceeds one pound. And it has no unsatisfied customers, because its product never wears out!

Indeed, the product can be guaranteed to last practically forever. Or, if bought this Tuesday, the Pregels will warrant it to be still half as good this same Tuesday 1,690 years from now.

The Pregels deal in atomic energy. They sell radium. One of two companies (there are no others) which represent primary producers of radioactive materials, their firm, Canadian Radium and Uranium Corp., sold the uranium used in our earliest experiments on the atomic bomb.

Because the Pregels are, to put it modestly, in a unique business, they are often asked how they got into it; and then Boris, company president, and the older, always explains, "When at the University of Brussels I read some of Madame Curie's early papers. I resolved to make radium my career."

Since radium then was selling at \$4,600,000 an ounce, it was scarcely a

stock in trade for young men starting a business. But 1920 brought pitchblende discoveries in the Belgian Congo, and radium's price dropped 62%. It was still \$60,000 a gram, but Pregel started his company, in Paris, by acting as distributor for the mine owners, *Union Minière*. Also, he started cudgeling his brain for ways to put radium to general use.

"It was thought of only for the science laboratories," declares his younger brother, vice president, "so Boris had to create absolutely new markets."

Today radium has a universal market, and, surprising to people who think that its use is confined to treatment of cancer, can perform many practical chores for the arts and industry. For instance, in Oklahoma are oil wells abandoned long ago. An owner hears that maybe he could bring his wells back to life with radium. It sounds crazy, but he inquires. Canadian Radium and Uranium Corp. refers his letter to a firm in Tulsa.

This company has rented a "source" from the Pregels. The "source" is a little radium mixed with some beryllium metal (rental \$75 a month) and set in an instrument to be lowered into a well. As it descends the radium shoots out neutrons deep into the surrounding rock strata. The neutrons

\*U. S. Chamber Building, Washington, D.C. October, 1947.

bounce back, and an instrument records any difference in their reflection. A difference means a by-passed oil pocket. Oil men then put a perforating gun into the well, and out gushes the new oil. During the war, radium salvaged millions of barrels.

A Pittsburgh company is finishing a giant steel casting. It will go into a hydraulic-power installation and have to withstand tremendous pressures. Before shipping, the casting company wants to test it for flaws. A pill of radium in an acorn-sized aluminum capsule is lowered on strings into the middle of the casting. Photographic film is hung around its outside, and, later, developed and scrutinized.

If the casting has flaws, blowholes, or hidden shrinkage cavities, the radium's gamma rays will show them on the film. And gamma rays are the only rays that could do it. X rays couldn't penetrate 12 inches of solid steel.

Similarly, radium's gamma rays, from Canadian Radium and Uranium's "sources," checked the welding on our Victory ships, probed the weaknesses of Navy turbines while they operated, discovered lost scrapers that were fouling oil lines, and spotted leakage holes in the big pipe lines.

When a nationally known fountain-pen company wanted to improve its ink, it called on the Pregels for some radioactive material to mix with the ink dye. Instruments then revealed the exact distribution of the dye in the ink.

Anyone would expect a radium company to sell heavily for cancer

treatment. But how many know about radium's newer uses in other medical fields?

Here, for instance, is a tiny Monel-metal tube, about the size of a phonograph needle. It contains 50 milligrams of radium. Attached to a little rod no bigger than a short knitting needle, it is inserted after an operation through the nose into the region of the tonsils and adenoids. There the radium checks the regrowth of excess tissue, thus keeping open the Eustachian tube which leads to the ear, and so preventing future deafness.

Another atomic-energy package is a radioactive oil which enables one to have a radioactive bath in the home, identical with that of the best European spas. The energy in the oil comes from the gas of radium, known as radon, which all radium gives off constantly. The gas is radium's first disintegration product, and it comes off, same amount, same composition (92% alpha rays, 4% beta, and 4% gamma), year in, year out.

The Pregels simply bottle the radon as they would any other gas. It is then sucked into a glass tube full of oil of pine needles, the mixture being later placed in two-inch glass vials. To prepare a radioactive bath, one need only empty the contents of a vial into bath water.

The company has also developed a way to use radon's alpha rays by means of an ointment. The ointment, called Alphanon, has a lanolin base, and is prepared much like the radioactive pine-needle oil. It is used on skin cases,

burns, arthritis, and nonhealing ulcers. Its high-speed alpha particles affect the blood favorably.

But of all the Pregel products, perhaps polonium promises most for general future business. Polonium is a grayish-whitish metal, slightly mysterious because it is the 13th product in the uranium-radium disintegration table, and for long could not be produced commercially. Its uses seem nearly endless, a little on the magic side.

A Connecticut silk company, Cheney, found this out. They wanted to step up production but couldn't, because the silk threads kept breaking on the looms when the machinery speed was increased. The company got in touch with Canadian Radium and Uranium in New York, who sent out a "foil" of polonium, instructing, "Just stand this near the loom."

"It looked like a flat stick about a foot high," said a wonder-struck loom operator, "and it worked like Merlin's wand. No more threads broke."

Polonium keeps teletype ribbon going straight on the teletype machines, and stops dictaphone-record shavings from sticking to the cylinders. It checks paper-tearing on high-speed printing presses (so that they can print faster), clears the air of dust in powder plants, and eliminates radio static. Firestone Co. was first to experiment with spark-plug points tipped with a spot of polonium. The polonium prepares the air in the cylinder for a better, more complete combustion. It is possible that airplanes will be able to

up their speed considerably with polonium on their wings.

"Polonium," Alexander Pregel explains, "ionizes the air around it by its invisible alpha rays. This ionization is death to static electricity, which is the root cause of all this tangling, tearing and sticking to things. The polonium's positively charged alpha rays, the physicists would say, have simply equalized potential."

Fortunately for the future, too, polonium is both cheap and safe. You can buy a foil for \$50 that will last two years. The material is the only radium derivative giving out atomic energy that can be shipped by mail. Its alpha particles, although of high speed, have little penetrating power.

New applications of radium compounds are on the way in precision instruments (as in delicate balances where static electricity may destroy accuracy), and in various branches of medicine. But one of the most promising new uses, the Pregels think, is in fertilizer.

Researchers have discovered that atomic energy apparently has a peculiar and mysterious power over plant life. It speeds up growth and, if certain radioactive materials are mixed with ordinary inert fertilizer materials, the results may make a farmer blink.

Carefully controlled experiments, the Pregels say, have increased carrot crops 28% by weight, cabbage crops 33%, lettuce crops 53%. In a sugar-beet test, the radium produced only 6% more beets. But there was 9%

more sugar content revealed in the subsequent tests. And the addition of the radioactive materials is not prohibitively expensive.

"It may possibly bring about a small revolution in some types of agriculture," Alexander Pregel declares. "But we do not at this point like to raise hopes for more."

The Pregels sell no metal radium. Radium, the element, oxidizes too rapidly for general use. This would be wasteful in a world where the total supply is today only about five pounds. The Pregels' entire sales of all radium products marketed over a year consume less than half a pound of the pure element. The bulk of sales is made up of radium salts. Usually these are radium bromide or radium sulphate. They go to the customers in the form of fine crystals (white, like salt), and always travel in minute quantities.

The weight of a shipment is limited to two grams. It may be shipped by Railway Express only, and the packaging is rigidly specified. There must be a lead box inside a wooden box; and the lead's thickness must vary according to the amount of radium and length of time it will be in transit. A two-gram shipment (cost to the customer, approximately \$50,000) will weigh about 1,700 pounds if it goes from New York to San Francisco, and the container will have sides, top and bottom of four-inch-thick lead.

For all these products the Pregels have three centers of production. There is a plant in Mount Kisco, N. Y.,

whose entire business is secret. Experimental products and research on new uses of radioactive materials are developed at a laboratory in New York City. (During the war most of the Paris Curie Institute staff was with the Pregels.)

The company's actual manufactory is on E. 16th St. in New York City. Here are turned out natural atomic-energy products under the special conditions made necessary by the basic material. Blocks of lead, inches thick, screen radium sources from workers. Most manufacturing operations are performed under hoods and behind lead-loaded glass, through holes cut for entrance of arms and hands. The air has to be tested periodically, to check for leaking radon gas. Although work in such a factory might seem hazardous, it is not, due to the numerous safeguards. Canadian Radium's oldest scientist and director of laboratories at the 16th-St. plant, Dr. B. A. Veebrink, has been working in the field of radiation for 34 years and is still hale and unaffected at 67.

Radium is "tricky" to work with. This factor, and that of safety, places the business forever outside mass-production methods. The company's business manager often exclaims to the plant staff, "More supply! Where's that 100 milligrams I gave you last week?" And the usual answer is, "It disappeared in a reaction."

The Pregels have a decidedly modest-sized organization. Total personnel runs to about 100. Their salesmen number only five. Regarding the inner

workings and basic policies of the company, either brother will tell you, "We do little advertising and seek even less publicity, because of the nature of the business. We make no Dun & Bradstreet report, and our transactions

are never announced to the public."

Today the company's biggest customers for both uranium ores and radium are national governments. What governments, and the amounts they purchase, are secret.



### *In Perpetual Light*

**B**EFORE LOU Little became head coach at Columbia, he occupied a similar post at Georgetown. One year there was a youngster on the squad who was no great shakes as a football player, but whose personality served as a morale booster for the whole team. Little was deeply fond of the boy. He liked the proud way he walked arm in arm with his father on the campus from time to time.

About a week before the big finale with Fordham, the boy's mother phoned Little. "My husband died this morning," she said. "Will you break the news to my boy? He'll take it better from you."

When the boy came back three days later he begged, "Coach, I want to ask something of you that means an awful lot to me. I want to start in that game against Fordham. I think it's what my father would have liked most."

Little hesitated, then agreed. "O. K., you'll start, but you'll only be in there for a play or two. You aren't quite good enough, and you know it." Little started the boy—but never took him out. For 60 full, jarring minutes he played inspired football, running, blocking, and passing like an All-American and sparking the team to victory.

Back in the clubhouse, Little threw his arm around the boy's shoulder, "Son, you were terrific today. You never played that kind of football before. What got into you?"

The boy answered, "Remember how my father and I used to go around together? There was something about him very few persons knew. He didn't want them to. My father was totally blind. This afternoon was the first time he ever saw me play."

Bill Stern quoted by Bennett Cerf in *Omnibook*.



# The Church and New India

Condensed from the  
*Advocate\**

AUG. 15, 1947, millions of Indians celebrated the birth of India's independence. At midnight British rule ended with the roaring of guns and the ringing of temple bells reverberating through the teeming cities and villages of the newborn Dominions of India and Pakistan. What the future holds for the Catholic Church in India no one can tell, but the story of the Church in India goes back far into the Christian era, back to the days, surprising as it may seem, before St. Patrick converted Ireland.

The Jews were settled in India before the time of Christ. Indian Christians of the Travancore and Malabar coasts have a strong tradition that St. Thomas the Apostle came to their ancestors. There is nothing antecedently improbable in this, since we know that the Apostles generally followed the *diaspora*, Jewish colonies scattered throughout much of the then known world. There is positive historical evidence that there were Christians in India in the early Christian centuries. Even if St. Thomas did not go to India—which you must never tell a “Thomas Christian”—Christianity is

certainly exceedingly ancient in India.

Unfortunately, the early Christianity of India was soon identified with a caste or group of castes, not only by non-Christian neighbors, but by the very Christians themselves, and it ceased to grow. Until comparatively recent times Christians of Travancore and Malabar did little missionary work even among their own low-caste employees and servants.



India's vast and complex culture has a way of absorbing faiths and religions: Hinduism swallowed up even Buddhism. In self-defense, religious sects hardened into castes, among them, “Thomas Christianity.” Today there are about one million Christians of this group, half of whom are Catholics and half schismatics.

The modern era opened in the 19th century with the advent of missionaries of different nationalities working under the direct supervision of the Congregation of Propaganda at Rome.

Today, the Catholic Church has approximately 4½ million communicants in India, and nearly 5,000 priests, including 3,000 of Indian birth, and 16 dioceses ruled by Indian bishops. The

\*143-151 à Beckett St., Melbourne, C.1, Australia. Aug. 20, 1947.

position of the Church, however, cannot be expressed in mere numbers. The sincerity of the converts and the public attitude toward the Church are just as important.

There is a general feeling among the Hindus that one man's guess is as good as another's and that all religions are equally useful in reaching the goal, whatever that may be. The Indian Mohammedans, in contrast, hold tenaciously to the belief that there is but one God, and that one must pray to Him. But their religious life, too, is unsatisfied. They appear to have a vague and indefinable notion of the transcendent sublimity of Christ. Miriam, the mother of Jesus, is paid a compliment not paid to any other woman, even to the mother of Mohammed. She is the sinless one. Relying on early Christian tradition, Mohammedans probably have a far higher regard for Mary than have modern Protestants in the West.

The leaders of India today almost unanimously regard Christian missionary work as a failure from the standpoint of conversions. They believe that the Christian missions do not appeal to educated or intelligent people, that among the masses the only converts are the desperately poverty-stricken who embrace Christianity for the help they hope to get, or simple tribespeople who would believe whatever they were told by any propagandists. One may not agree with the leaders of India about the Catholic missions, but their opinions are extremely difficult to change.

Catholic missionaries have never solved completely the problem of caste. The convert is cut off from his relatives. He is considered legally dead in Hindu tradition. In a certain sense he may be compared to the man without a country. Older members of the Christian community look upon the convert with suspicion. Sometimes they regard him as merely another applicant for the charitable funds of the missions, one more mouth to feed. Generally he is not readily received socially by his new fellow religionists, and his old associates ask him not to come around any more.

The increase of political power of the Indians will not bring direct religious intolerance. Indian civilization has always been tolerant of the beliefs and practices of peoples of other religions—provided conversions are not attempted.

Some missionaries feel that Catholic education may, nevertheless, suffer by an increase of political power in the hands of non-Christians. To prosper, the Church must be represented in the circles which control education and other departments of public and civic life, but in this respect the Church in India at present is weak. All missionary work must be done through the Indian Catholic priests and Indian bishops whom the Church in India now possesses. Although vocations are numerous, seminaries and novitiates are continually obliged to turn away excellent candidates for lack of funds and accommodations.

Bishop Pothacamury of Bangalore

recently summed up the Catholic outlook.\* "The Church in India is strong and deeply rooted into the soil. Observant Indians are realizing more and more clearly that Christianity is not a western import nor an exotic hothouse plant, but something that grows naturally on any soil and takes the form appropriate to it.

"India does not, and cannot, afford to ignore the immense practical services rendered to the country by the educational and charitable activities of the Church. For the last century or so, the Church has established a network of institutions of every type and grade, from kindergarten to university. Tens of thousands of non-Christians send their children to our schools and colleges, not merely because of the high standard of secular teaching imparted therein, but above all because of the tone, discipline and excellent moral formation given to the pupils by the example and precept of their teaching staff, drawn largely from Religious Orders. The social and charitable services rendered to the sick, the suffering, and the poor and depressed are also noted and appreciated. No government effort of Hindu philanthropy can ever replace the Church's works of mercy in quality or quantity.

"Missionary activities are looked upon with suspicion and distrust, Christianity being considered a foreign religion associated with western domination. Hinduism, which is more a social system than a religious creed, has been definitely opposed to the

proselytizing efforts of both Islam and Christianity. A majority of the Moslems are converts from Hinduism, and their establishment of Pakistan as a sovereign Moslem state has further complicated the situation.

"Many Hindus fear that a rapid growth of the Christian population might lead the Christians to demand similar political rights. There have been no serious symptoms in Moslem territory of antagonism toward the Christian minority or toward missionaries. Islam in India is definitely religious in outlook and character, vitally connected with the Islamic world outside and recognizing no geographical limits. What our position will be in predominantly Moslem provinces is problematic. There have been very few converts from Islam.

"In spite of some suspicion to the contrary among a section of politicians, the British government was never officially interested in Christianity. The character of their work and the display of qualities inspired by Christian ideals won for them the title of Christian. With the withdrawal of British authority, the essentially spiritual nature of the work of the Church and her absolute independence of any foreign government and of association with the western type of civilization are likely to be better understood. It is possible that during the transition period, the Church may have to face a struggle and suffer some setback, but I do not think there is any justification for gloomy forebodings regarding the future of Christianity."

\*See CATHOLIC DIGEST, June, 1947, p. 76.

# The Red Cross:

*In the footsteps of Camillus*



## *Servant of Humanity*

By RAYMOND A. LEE

**F**OOD does not come today, lieutenant," yelled the German guard as he looked down on me from his tower. "The commandant said no trains come for five days now."

The gutturals of the German sent a wave of anger through me, but I continued looking through the barbed-wire toward the German storehouse two blocks away. I realized, pessimistically, that if the parcels didn't come today, they would not arrive until after Christmas, or perhaps not at all. It would be hard to walk back to the 24 American prisoners of war with news that would only add to their misery. All hopes for a happy Christmas were focused on those food parcels.

"Lieutenant," continued the annoying guard, "into the room you should go; no trains come for weeks yet."

I kept pacing the crackling snow, pretending not to hear his "casual" commands. My job was to watch the storehouse; specifically, to spot a wagonload of parcels which would be pulled by four Americans. If I spotted this beautiful sight, I was to hurry to the barracks, run through all the rooms, and spread the good news.

Three hours, and still there were no signs of the belated parcels. Besides, it was getting cold. Savage winds, roar-

ing in from the Baltic ocean, made my job almost unbearable. But after many months as a prisoner of war, I had become inured, as had the others, to most discomforts administered by both inclement weather and Germans. Our barracks were of loose-fitting prefabricated sections. The wind would edge through cracks in floors and walls, covering the inside with a frosty mantle. With only a dozen pieces of coal each day, we could keep warm no longer than an hour at the most.

But this day was different. It being the day before Christmas, we had been promised extra rations. Immediately, we saw respite from our daily menu of saltless, lukewarm potato soup. Weeks before, the International Red Cross representatives had arranged with German officials for the transporting of supplementary food parcels. After systematically starving for months, despite the Red Cross efforts, we received the news with expectancy but doubt.

Preparing for the Christmas celebration was to be a joyous occasion. Everyone in the barracks was given certain jobs to do before the parcels arrived and celebration was officially declared. But even under such adverse conditions, the men plunged in enthusiastic

ally. The most ingenious display was the tree, built from tin cans and other debris. The men formed icicles by curling long strips of tin. Others made red and green dyes by soaking bits of colored cloth donated, generously, by the men, from their underwear, handkerchiefs, socks, linings. Then, splashing the colors on white paper, prying a board loose from the floor as a center pole, and, adjusting the icicles, we finished our colorful tree.

At dusk, I noticed the storehouse door open. Tense, I strained my eyes to make out the shape of a wagon. Suddenly I could think of nothing but an urge to yell aloud, but the guard's searchlight stopped me. Then I spotted the wagon. Whether or not it bore parcels, I could not determine. Apparently the guard heard the wagon approaching, for he quickly swung his glaring light in that direction. As the light focused on it, something seemed to explode inside me—I saw cardboard cartons piled high, the food! I ran to the barracks, tears in my eyes. But it was unnecessary to tell what I had seen. I remember only a tremendous cheer. God, through the medium of the Red Cross, had answered our prayers.

That occasion was one of the happiest of my life. And since that day, Dec. 24, 1944, I have been curious to determine the motivating force behind the Red Cross. I wanted to find out how it started, who the organizers were, and for what reason they did the work of keeping prisoners of war alive and clothed. It seemed incredible

that even the nazis allowed them the privilege of entering Germany.

In the beginning the Red Cross was a difficult group for the world to understand. But with the indomitable will of a few persons, who possessed unbelievable patience and perseverance, the Red Cross has since become an all-embracing organization that shuns no disaster nor conflict. It rushes out to give aid despite race, color, creed or politics. It has surmounted obstacles and criticism throughout the years, and it has truly become the rescue agency for all mankind.

It was started in 1859 by Henri Dunant, son of a wealthy Franco-Swiss family, who was then traveling as a neutral in a war zone in Northern Italy. He arrived at Solferino during one of the greatest battles of history. Later he wrote that he had not been a spectator of the battle. But what he actually saw, something far more terrible than the battle, was the result. He saw the many thousands who were either killed or wounded, lying in ravines and creeks, with no one to aid them. He saw hasty burials, and the wounded evacuated only to clear the field for further battles.

Dunant immediately did what he could to aid the sufferers. He quickly organized local women into corps of nurses. He enlisted boys to carry needed water and other supplies. He purchased and distributed bandages, food, drink, drugs and tobacco. And from this original scene sprang the idea which today reaches hundreds of thousands the world over.



But the task was too great for Dunant and his untrained, unprepared group of volunteer workers. Months later, haunted by the thought of the men he had seen die, who might have lived had they been given better medical care, strengthening food, and refreshing drink in time, he wrote a detailed account of the battle from what he had seen.

Dunant's little book aroused public opinion on behalf of his plan for a world conference which might make it possible to found and organize in all civilized countries permanent societies of volunteers which in time of war would render aid to all wounded. Later, in another edition of his book, he advanced the idea that "these societies could even give great service during periods of epidemics or in disasters such as flood and fire."

Meanwhile, in America a volunteer organization called the U. S. Sanitary commission was started in New York City. After the outbreak of the Civil war, this organization was performing services to the troops and caring for the wounded of both sides.

The original aim of the Sanitary commission had been to "direct its inquiries to the principles and practices connected with the inspection of recruits and enlisted men; to the sanitary conditions of the volunteers; to the means of preserving and restoring the health, and of securing the general comfort and efficiency, of troops; to the proper provision of cooks, nurses, and hospitals; and to objects of like nature." But after a few years,

failing to win the cooperation of people or government, the association disbanded.

During this time, Clara Barton, who during the Civil war had worked independently for the care of sick and wounded, visited Switzerland for her health, and learned there of the new Red Cross movement. The cause immediately appealed to her imagination, and after witnessing Red Cross work during the War of 1870 she became an enthusiastic Red Cross advocate.

In 1877, on her return to America, she presented to President Hayes a letter from the president of the International Red Cross committee asking, as had been previously asked, that the U. S. accept the articles of the convention. The letter was referred to the State Department, and shelved. But Clara Barton, getting together a committee of four, continued her campaign. One objection to the ratification, she learned, was belief that the country would never again be at war.

Encouraged by President Garfield's promise to recommend ratification, the committee had itself incorporated in 1881, called itself the American Association of the Red Cross, and elected Clara Barton president. In March, 1882, President Arthur secured ratification of the treaty by the Senate. Such was the beginning of the Red Cross in the U. S., which today has become such an integral part of American life in peace and war.

One reason for the Red Cross success in America is that the people have always been conscious of their own

blessings. They have always been ready to extend a helping hand to the victims of disaster in other countries not so fortunate; also to countries, in some instances, from which they emigrated.

Under terms of the charter given by Congress in 1905, the American Red Cross undertook to help the people of other lands in peacetime calamities.

That spirit of helpfulness is not limited to times of peace. When the 2nd World War thundered from country to country, a heartfelt wave of sympathy for innocent victims swept the U. S. From coast to coast, the people wanted to aid. The American Red Cross enlarged its activities to include relief and service to those suffering from the world-wide conflict. It was possible for the organization to act promptly and effectively because of its more than 60 years of extensive experience.

In giving help to the people of another country, the American Red Cross works hand in hand with the national Red Cross society of that country. In a natural peacetime disaster, it is the usual procedure for the American Red Cross to send a gift of money to be used for emergency relief.

In time of war, on the other hand, opportunities to aid are affected principally by conditions in the countries concerned, the availability of supplies and transportation facilities. As agent of the American people, the Red Cross has an obligation to see that their gifts are distributed directly to those for whom they are intended. For this rea-

son it is the policy of the Red Cross to require certain minimum standards of supervision by its own representatives. For example, when I was a prisoner of war in Germany, the International Red Cross sent checkers from Sweden or Switzerland to make certain the food parcels from them were actually being received. Many times, however, the Germans cleverly concealed their behind-the-scenes dishonesty, and distributed the parcels among their own soldiers.

When the war first swept over Europe, the American Red Cross sent direct aid in money or supplies to Poland, Holland, Belgium, France, Yugoslavia, Finland, and Greece as long as it was possible to maintain its representatives on the spot to supervise distribution. But when Red Cross representatives no longer enjoyed the necessary freedom of action, direct relief to civilians in the occupied countries was reluctantly discontinued. Food parcels and clothing supplies, however, continued to be sent for their fighting men who had become prisoners of war, since their distribution is handled by the International Red Cross committee, which under terms of the Treaty of Geneva, is permitted to send its representatives into the prison camps of belligerent countries.

Immediately after the U. S. entered the war, negotiations were started for the sending of food parcels, clothing and other necessities for Americans held either as prisoners of war or civilian internees. Fortunately, aside from normal mortality, more than

99% of those captured were returned.

The program, as it concerned food, was to give each American prisoner one standard food parcel a week to supplement the rations provided by the detaining powers. This program was carried out successfully until late 1944. Then, when hundreds of thousands of Allied prisoners, of whom I was one, were marched across Germany as camps were transferred away from the encroaching battle lines, it became impossible for the Red Cross to make regular deliveries.

As it was, without an organization such as the Red Cross, we may not have been so fortunate in escaping freezing and starvation.

No greater words of praise could be found for Henri Dunant than that he carried out the prompting of God's grace in a humanitarian plan with magnificent success. And to Clara Barton goes the greatest credit in founding the American Red Cross. In America or in lands beyond, the flag of the Red Cross flies beside the Stars and Stripes.



### *This Struck Me*

***B**ECAUSE the mind of modern man has been so long and so exclusively occupied with the cult of material progress, he now finds himself in the dilemma of not being able to understand that which he most avidly seeks, peace. Peace is a spiritual concept, and thus must be explained by a philosopher. Before world peace is again only a memory, let all the solemn, struggling diplomats interrupt their sessions to study Dr. Etienne Gilson's striking paraphrase\* of a timeless definition by St. Thomas Aquinas. Then, perhaps, knowing what peace is, they will admit its Author to their meetings.*

What men call peace is never anything but a space between two wars; a precarious equilibrium that lasts as long as mutual fear prevents dissension from declaring itself. This parody of true peace, this armed fear, which there is no need to denounce to our contemporaries, may very well support a kind of order, but never can it bring mankind tranquillity. Not until the social order becomes the spontaneous expression of an interior peace in men's hearts shall we have tranquillity. Were all men's minds in accord with themselves, all wills interiorly unified by love of the supreme good, then they would know the absence of dissension, unity, order from within, a peace, finally, made of the tranquillity born of this order: peace is the tranquillity of order.

*\*In the Spirit of Medieval Philosophy (1940: Scribners, N. Y.).*

For similar contributions of about this length with an explanatory introduction \$25 will be paid on publication. We are sorry, but it will be impossible to acknowledge or return contributions. Acceptance will be determined as much by your comment as by the selection.

*"That they may be one"*

# Will All Churches Unite?

By DAVID GANNON, S.A.

Condensed from the *North Carolina Catholic*\*

**A**N EPISCOPALIAN minister once heard a Paulist preach in the crowded Catholic cathedral in Baltimore, and, because he did, Catholic churches all over the world this month observe the Church Unity Octave, a world-wide prayer that all Christians be united in the true faith. It was many years after the Episcopalian heard the Paulist preach before the results of that day were known, and the minister himself never even joined the Catholic Church. But he told his son of the sermon he heard, and added, "What we need in the Episcopal church is a preaching Order like the Paulists." The son, whose name was Lewis Thomas Wattson, decided on the spot that he would one day found a preaching Order.

Thus was planted in the Episcopal church the seed of an ideal which was later to take root, flourish, and bear much fruit in the Catholic Church. As the boy grew, that ideal became stronger, the great purpose of his life. After college, he prepared to follow the footsteps of his father as a Protestant clergyman and entered the General Theological seminary in New York City. He was graduated in June, 1885, and ordained in the Anglican church in December, 1886.

Father Wattson, as he was then called in the Anglican church, during his rectorship of several Anglican churches in both New York State and Nebraska began to gather about him a group of Anglican clergymen who were living a celibate life, with the hope of establishing his preaching Order. By 1898 the Society of the Atonement was founded, consisting of the Friars of the Atonement and a second Order, of Sisters. The Sisters lived at Graymoor, near Garrison, N. Y. Father Wattson took Paul as his name in religion.

In 1899 Father Paul went to Graymoor, and through the kindness of a gentleman in England he was able to purchase the adjoining mountain for \$300. This was the beginning of the motherhouse of the friars. Father Paul lived in a small monastery on the lonely mountain with just another Brother; five Sisters resided at the convent.

Years passed by with the Society still Anglican. But all this time Father Paul had been studying and investigating the claims of the Catholic Church. He used the full Roman liturgy. The two obstacles to his entering the Church were papal supremacy and the validity of his own Orders. But, as Cardinal Newman says, "Who

\**Nazareth, N. Car. Jan. 19, 1947.*

"can be deep in history and still remain a Protestant?" The more Father Paul studied, the more he realized that Christ founded only one Church after making Peter its head and that every baptized Christian in the world owed allegiance to the Pope as Sovereign Pontiff and true Vicar of Christ, the successor to Peter. In 1904, while still Anglican, he established the custom of sending to Rome Peter's pence, one cent out of every dollar coming into the treasury of the Society, which was graciously acknowledged by Pius X.

In 1907 Father Paul established what is known as the Church Unity Octave. It consists of eight days of prayer beginning on the feast of the Chair of St. Peter at Rome, Jan. 18, and ending on the feast of the Conversion of St. Paul, Jan. 25. The purpose of the octave of prayer is to further the return of all separated Christians to unity with Rome. Each day has its particular intention, as follows. Jan. 18, feast of St. Peter's Chair at Rome, the return of all the "other sheep" to the one fold of Peter; Jan. 19, the return of all Oriental separatists to communion with the Apostolic See; Jan. 20, the repairing of the 16th-century breach between England and Rome; Jan. 21, that the Lutherans and all other Protestants of Continental Europe may find their way back to Holy Church; Jan. 22, that all Christians in America may become one in communion with the chair of Peter; Jan. 23, the return to the sacraments of all lapsed Catholics; Jan. 24, the conversion of the Jews; Jan. 25, feast of

the Conversion of St. Paul, the missionary conquest of the entire world for Christ.

Father Paul continued to study, finally resolving to break off all connections with the Protestant church. Fully realizing to what persecution, ostracism, and peril of annihilation he was exposing the Society of the Atonement, he nevertheless followed the "kindly light." He applied for admission to the Catholic Church, and the Society was received as a body by Pius X through the apostolic delegate to the U.S., Monsignor Falconio, Oct. 7, 1909. Father Paul immediately entered Dunwoodie seminary for his Catholic theology, and was ordained a priest there on June 16, 1910.

At the time, the communities together numbered only 17 members. Since then the Society has progressed by leaps and bounds. Today, there are 70 priests, and 135 seminarians. There are 200 professed Sisters of the Atonement. The Society has missions among the Japanese on Lulu island and at Vancouver, British Columbia, among the Ukrainians of northern Alberta, and among the Mexicans in the U.S. Southwest. Convents and friaries are located in 17 cities of the U. S., as well as in Rome and Assisi in Italy, and in Ireland and England.

Two years after first observance of the octave its initiators entered the Church; the octave has since spread all over the world. In December, 1909, the octave received the sanction of Pius X. Cardinals, archbishops and bishops, including Cardinals Farley,



O'Connell, Gibbons and Falconio, of the U. S.; Bourne of Westminster; Lougee of Ireland; and Villeneuve of Quebec endorsed the octave.

The greatest impulse of all was given Feb. 25, 1916, when Pope Benedict XV, by a papal brief, extended its observance to the universal Church. In September, 1921, the hierarchy of the U. S. at the annual meeting in Washington, D. C., acting on a resolution by Cardinal Dougherty, decreed that the Unity Octave be held throughout all U. S. dioceses. In the preceding year similar action was taken by the hierarchy of the provinces of Kingston and Toronto, Canada.

None have been more zealous in observance of the octave than that part of the East in communion with the Apostolic See. Last year the octave was observed in all parts of the world more generally than ever before not only by Catholics but also by Anglicans and Oriental schismatics. From England, where the pro-Roman movement is rapidly expanding, the Anglican Confraternity of Unity has reported that more than 1,400 clergymen observed the octave last year. The growth in interest is phenomenal for in 1929 there were only 79 Anglican clergymen observing the octave.

Since its founding, a number of Anglican communities have been corporately received into the Catholic Church. Noteworthy among them are the Benedictine monks of Caldey, the Benedictine nuns of Milford Haven, South Wales, in 1913, and a religious Brotherhood known as the Servants of

Christ the King, about 1936. In India, Mar Invanios, the metropolitan of Jacobite monks, together with Mar Theophilos and a community of Jacobite Sisters, entered the Catholic Church in 1930, and have since brought in many others. In December, 1937, wide comment was caused by a striking appeal of 29 high churchmen of the Protestant Episcopal church made to the bishops and a large list of the ministry of that church in the U. S., declaring that Protestantism in this country is "bankrupt ethically, culturally, morally and religiously." They asserted the "salient fact that Rome has been the heart and center of Christendom ever since the days of the holy Apostles." Urging that "it is time for all Christians to see what the enemy sees so clearly and be prepared to rally around Rome as the center of resistance against the anti-Christian attack," they vigorously advocated reunion with the Catholic Church.

Since the octave was instituted, there have been such celebrated converts as G. K. Chesterton, Alfred Noyes, Sheila Kaye Smith, Owen Dudley, Johannes Jørgensen, Arnold Lunn, John Stoddard, and Ronald Knox.

The purpose of the Church Unity Octave is realization of our Lord's prayer for unity, uttered on the night of His betrayal, "That they may be one." At another time our Lord told His disciples, "And other sheep I have, that are not of this fold: them also I must bring, and they shall hear My voice, and there shall be one fold and one Shepherd."

*Operating on germs*

## *Micrurgy*

By O. A. BATTISTA

**M**ICRURGY, or the use of midget tools under a high-powered microscope, is making possible the full-scale exploration of fascinating new worlds and clearing up hitherto unsolvable problems.

The tools of the micrurgist, chisels, hammers, saws, magnets, hypodermic needles, scalpels, brushes and rakes, are so tiny that a full complement of them would fit in an empty eyewash cup. Using these insect-size tools in conjunction with a micromanipulator, a microscope equipped with supersensitive remote-control levers, the expert micrurgist is capable of performing amazing feats.

For example, a micrurgist can now operate on a single life cell with about as much ease as a surgeon performs an appendectomy. Treacherous microbes may be captured and held in place as they wriggle desperately in a vain attempt to escape his dissecting scalpel. Splitting hairs is easy. A complete chemical analysis may be performed on a pin point of blood, or a sample of a new synthetic vitamin or hormone which would take up about as much space as one good sip of nectar by a thirsty honeybee.

These are only a few of the achievements of the new science. Dr. Robert Chambers, research professor of biology at New York university and one of the world's foremost authorities on micrurgical techniques, told me recently, "Micrurgy offers man an extra pair of eyes and hands with which to see and feel new, invisible worlds. It is bringing us much closer to the heavily guarded door of life itself, and may even prove vital in our eventual understanding of the cause and growth of cancer cells.

"Industrial research chemists may use micrurgy to study the finest details of a chemical process, and to understand better the mystery of catalysis, whereby so many important chemical reactions are activated or brought to life.

"On several occasions criminologists have used my micrurgical equipment to locate and identify a pin point of blood on a suspect's coat or shirt, or to isolate a sliver of hair from beneath the fingernail of a victim of foul play."

The pioneering work in the application of micrurgy was centered around a study of the fundamental life processes, for an understanding of such processes is the most important problem on the endless priority list of scientists.

Dr. Chambers and his associates did much of the early work in this field. They have watched individual life cells grow and die, and studied them for weeks on end. The simplest form of animal life is known as the amoeba. This is a single cell which reproduces

itself by dividing into two identical parts, each new part dividing again into two additional parts. The amoeba has been operated upon, and dissected. Minute granules of starch have been implanted in the tiny living cell, and micrurgists have watched the cell digest it and dispose of it. In one instance the core or heart of the amoeba was removed, and to the surprise of the scientists life remained in the tiny animal for several hours.

By studying an individual unit of life, scientists have been able to obtain an insight into the process of death. When death overtakes an isolated cell, the cell takes on a decidedly different appearance from that of a living cell. To the experienced eye of a micrurgist, this difference is as clear-cut as day and night, as evident as the differences between a living person and a dead person. The first sign of the approach of death is the appearance of an uncanny haze within the core or heart of the cell. Once this haze spreads throughout the entire body of the organism, death takes over for good.

By following such life-to-death transformations, micrurgists have been able to investigate the toxic properties of numerous new chemicals and drugs. After all, something which will kill an individual cell when applied in infinitesimal amounts will undoubtedly destroy the entire body when applied in proportionately larger amounts. Therefore, when a speck of a chemical substance of unknown toxicity is brought near a life cell, a micrurgist may observe whether or not the living

entity will put up a successful fight.

If the substance is not toxic, the life cell will absorb and dispose of it. If it is semitoxic, it becomes expelled after a limited struggle. But if the material is very poisonous, death falls over the cell quickly. Life cells are guinea pigs for a micrurgist.

Fundamental and practical knowledge about nature's healing processes is being obtained through the use of micrurgical techniques. Cell membranes are torn apart with one of the midget scalpels, and the rate of healing of the incision is measured accurately. The true healing properties of a new penicillin or sulfa drug, or the efficacy of a new ointment preparation or antiseptic, may be rapidly evaluated.

The late Professor Renyi of the renowned University of Pennsylvania, used micrurgy to perform what is now a classical work. He tagged a single blood cell in such a manner that he was able to follow its course throughout the blood system of the frog. In this way he charted the circulatory system of the frog accurately for the first time, and thereby made a unique contribution to our knowledge of the physiology of the lower animals.

Today scientists are capturing some of the most deadly microbes known, holding them in place, and operating on them with midget scalpels. They are even going as far as to dissect individual germ cells, splitting apart the chromosomes and genes which determine the hereditary characteristics of all plant and animal life. In one noteworthy instance, the hereditary packets

in the pollen grains of the notorious ragweed, jagged pollen grains responsible for 80% of all hay-fever misery, have been so modified by means of a micrurgical operation that it has been possible to grow a ragweed plant whose pollen no longer contains hay-fever-producing properties. Entirely new species of fruit flies, grasshoppers, fruits and flowers have been initiated on an experimental scale by the new techniques. Many new botanical and zoological hybrids or monstrosities will be brought into being by the application of microsurgery on germ cells. There seems little doubt that some day scientists will be able to tailor a plant to meet certain requirements: cultivate a multicolored rose, a seedless apple, or a stingless bee!

The bread of tomorrow is expected to be smoother tasting, more uniform in texture, and of greatly improved palatability, thanks to the work of a young researcher in the laboratory of a large yeast-manufacturing company. With a pair of microtweezers, this young scientist recently succeeded in picking out a single cell of yeast from a highly refined culture. Ordinarily yeast consists of millions of hybrid cells whose individual diameters are measured in millionths of a meter. A genuinely thoroughbred strain of yeast had never been developed, because it had never been possible to start out with a single yeast cell. Micrurgy has made possible the manufacture of newer, purer strains of yeasts, which are expected to play an important role in improving the staff of life.

Charles Van Brunt, research specialist of the General Electric Co., has this appraisal of the role of micrurgy in the heavy industrial fields, "The composition of a speck of residual matter in the bottom of a tiny corrosion pit; of the film of 'gum' on a defective bearing, whether in an electric clock or electric turbine; of the faint discoloration on the bulk of a vacuum tube; of the smear of dirt on a pin-point contact; of a trace of dust in the crevices of the windings of a burnt-out motor, determined by micrurgy, will usually lead to effective measures of correction with the greatest possible speed, or a minimum of wasteful trial and error."

For many years James W. Zaharee has been acclaimed as the world's champion miniature writer. He once penned more than 7,000 letters on one side of a grain of rice, and condensed a short novel into two square inches of space, but the fineness of Mr. Zaharee's work does not approach the micrurgical feats.

Dr. Earl A. Gulbransen of Westinghouse Research Laboratories has a micrurgical balance which is so sensitive that he can weigh accurately substances of less than ten billionths of an ounce. In other words, his balance is so delicate that he can weigh a single layer of oxygen atoms.

In 1943, when engineers of the famed Manhattan Project were constructing under great pressure a multi-million dollar plant for the manufacture of plutonium, the blueprints which they were following had to be

based upon experiments performed on less than a pinhead of plutonium. At the time, that was all of this atomic-energy-producing element that existed in the entire world. But micrurgists carried out many chemical operations on this speck of extremely precious matter to obtain the information needed in the planning of the enormous and costly atom-bomb plants.

In its capacity for observing and measuring minute particles of matter, micrurgy has performed its greatest services to mankind. When only a few grains or a fraction of a drop of a new chemical or drug, a new penicillin, sex hormone, or vitamin are available, it becomes necessary literally to count the atoms and employ supersensitive procedures. New techniques will continue to be added to the present procedures

of micrurgy. Using insect-size tools, micrurgists believe their profession will find innumerable applications eventually in industry, biology, medicine and every branch of scientific research. The practical application of their work is relatively unexplored. As Dr. Chambers told me, "Someday the work of the micrurgist will parallel that of the astronomer, but it will be in the opposite direction. Instead of exploring monstrous stars which are hundreds of millions of miles away, the micrurgist will explore infinitely small and invisible worlds, worlds which up until now have remained outside of the touch and grasp of man, but which in our atomic age may prove to open up some of the mysteries surrounding the origin of life and the ultimate physical cause of death."



### *Language Makes a Difference*

THE young missionary nun knew but a few words of Arabic. Among them was *bossy*, which in the native spoken dialect means "look at me." As she kept repeating the word as best she could, accentuating the *o*, and thus saying "boossy," the old man she was treating bent his head and shifted uneasily on his stool.

"I certainly can't take care of his eyes if he doesn't show them to me," she complained.

"I understand that," answered an older Sister. "You are telling him to kiss you!"

Sister Mary Roberta, S.S.J.

### *Language Makes No Difference*

THE missionary was much impressed with the enthusiasm which his Chinese choir put into the singing of the *Dies Irae* at a funeral Mass. Knowing that the singers knew no Latin, he investigated and learned that "*Dies irae, dies illa*," in their Chinese dialect meant, "The father is dead, the mother is dead, the six-year-old child is left with no one to take care of it."

The *Liguorian* (Oct. '47).



*Piety in the background*

# History Lesson for Card Sharks

By MARY WHITEFORD

Condensed from the *Holy Name Journal*\*



**T**HE dude kibitzing the ranch poker game could control his tongue no longer. He jumped to his feet, pointing to the dealer.

"That man," he shouted, "just dealt a card from his shoe."

Disinterestedly, the players shifted wads of tobacco before they looked up. "Waal," drawled one, "why get excited, stranger? It's his deal, ain't it?"

This amiable spirit of give and take was probably the idea of the originator of playing cards. Experts believe they were invented as a diversion for the Chinese Emperor Seun-ho. Some, however, hold that card playing was introduced to Europe by Saracens when they invaded Spain from Africa, long before Seun-ho's 12th-century reign.

Italian literature of 1299 refers to card games; Germany took to playing in 1300. Until then, cards had been circles of thin, gaudily painted wood, of Chinese design. That year, a Frenchman who realized that the growing fad might be developed into a profitable business evolved the present standardized form. True to the French spirit of nationalism, the manufacturers decided that the new industry should be commemorative of their

country. The four suits would represent the four classes of French society. The clover leaf (clubs) was a suitable emblem of the peasants; hearts signified the clergy; the military were represented by the points of their poniards—spades to us. Why diamonds was chosen as representative of the middle classes remains the secret of the designer.

The system of 52 cards arranged in four suits was planned at least a few centuries before our present calendar, but parallels it remarkably. Like the year, the deck is divided into four parts; there are 52 weeks and 52 cards; 12 picture cards correspond to 12 months. Our year consists of 365 days. Spot value of the cards, one to ten, with the jack, queen and king in ascending values of 11, 12, 13, plus the joker as 1, totals 365.

So popular had card playing become in England in 1463 that Parliament banned foreign-made cards. By 1500 the government feared the country would become a nation of gamblers, and Parliament issued a decree forbidding servants and apprentices to play excepting during the Christmas holidays. France restricted the peasants to Sunday and holiday games.

\*141 E. 65th St., New York City, 21. November, 1947.

Governments, by this time, were using cards for practical purposes, such as promoting educational and social measures, and to further diplomatic intrigues and political schemes. Most notable of such propaganda uses was the British government's effort to incite public feeling against Catholics, by free distribution in 1678 of cards commemorating the "Titus Oates Plot."

That the king of clubs prevented a persecution of the Protestants in Ireland was due to the wisdom of the Catholic Bishop of Chester, who thwarted Queen Mary's plan to punish the Protestant Irish for their persecution of the Catholics in Ireland. A Colonel Cole was commissioned to Ireland to organize a program of punishment of the Protestants. He broke his journey at Chester, and, as a matter of courtesy, called on the local bishop, to whom he boasted of his appointment. While His Lordship admired the Queen's Catholic zeal, he regretted her lack of the spirit of charity and forgiveness desirable in a Catholic queen. To prevent, or at least delay, further bloodshed and persecution, he persuaded one of the maids in the inn to bring him the royal dispatch pouch from the agent's room, when the agent went out to dinner.

When Dr. Cole arrived in Ireland, he found that the knave of clubs had been substituted for the royal edict. The Lord Lieutenant obviously could not accept a man's word that he held a royal commission which had been lost on the journey from London, and be-

fore a duplicate brief reached Dublin, the queen died.

Queen Elizabeth, who succeeded, was grateful when she heard that a chambermaid had been the means of averting a persecution of her Protestant Irish subjects, and rewarded the girl with an annuity for life.

Because of their role in history, certain cards have been given names which still stick centuries later.

"There goes Grace's card," an Irishman will say, tossing off the six of hearts. Colonel Grace, governor of Athlone, happened to be in a card game when a messenger arrived from William II with the offer of an earldom if he would agree to certain political finaglings.irate, Colonel Grace snatched a card from the deck to write his refusal. "I despise the offer. Honor and conscience are dearer to a gentleman than all the wealth and titles a king can bestow." Because the six of hearts was the handiest card, it became significant in Ireland's history.

Cards have served more practical purposes. On a ship carrying emigrants from the Irish famine, most of the crew became ill with plague. Irish passengers were anxious to help, but their unfamiliarity with nautical terms made it almost impossible to instruct them in their duties. A Limerick man solved the problem by labeling the ropes with playing cards. The red suits were put in the fore part of the ship; black went aft; hearts and clubs took starboard; spades and diamonds went to larboard. Confusion ceased. Even the most obtuse landlubber, who

wouldn't have the slightest notion how to set about splicing the main brace, couldn't misinterpret the order to haul down the ace of spades.

Because the Duke of Cumberland interrupted his game of *primero* to order the massacre of wounded prisoners after the battle of Culloden, and wrote the command on the nine of diamonds, this card is still commonly known as "the curse of Scotland."

The man who showed that cards have a value other than mere entertainment was the guardsman Richard Middleton, of the 60th Royal British Foot. During a Sunday sermon in the year 1778, his apparent attempt to get in a little practice on his shuffling didn't escape the gimlet eye of his sergeant.

Hailed before the commanding officer for want of reverence in church, he defended himself. "I have been on a long campaign in which I lost my Bible and prayer book. In fact, I have nothing but these cards left, and therefore I have had to learn to depend on them for spiritual comfort.

"When I look through them, the ace reminds me that there is one God only; the deuce puts me in mind of the miracle by which for two days Jonah remained in the whale's belly; the three is a reminder of the Holy Trinity; the four, of the four Evangelists who penned the Gospels; the five puts me in mind of the five wise virgins who trimmed their lamps. There were ten, but five were foolish and were shut out. The six reminds me of six petitions in the Lord's Prayer; the

seven puts me in mind that on the seventh day God rested from all the works which he had created and made, wherefore the Lord blessed the seventh day and hallowed it.

"When I see the eight, it puts me in mind of the eight righteous persons who were saved when God drowned the world—Noah and his wife and three sons and their wives; the nine reminds me of the nine lepers cleansed by our Saviour. There were ten but nine never returned thanks. The ten puts me in mind of the commandments God gave Moses on Mt. Sinai on the two tables of stone." He took the knave and laid it aside.

"When I see the queen, it puts me in mind of the Queen of Sheba, who came from the furthestmost parts of the world to hear the wisdom of King Solomon, for she was as wise a woman as he was a man, for she brought 50 boys and 50 girls all clothed in boys' clothing, to show before King Solomon, for him to tell which were boys and which were girls, but he could not until he called for water for them to wash themselves. The girls washed up to their elbows and the boys only to their wrists, so King Solomon told by that. The king puts me in mind of the great King of heaven and earth, who is God almighty; all 12 court cards together remind me of the 12 articles of the Creed and the 12 feasts which are more particularly celebrated by the Church of Rome to honor Christ."

"You have acquitted yourself as a pious Christian," the C. O. decided, "but what about the knave? What

significance do you give this card?"

"The knave, sir, reminds me of the greatest knave I know, the sergeant of my company, who so wrongly accused me of playing cards in church."

Francis Xavier used a card game to change a man's life. When he sailed to India, in 1545, among the cutthroats on the ship was a soldier who gambled away not only all of his own money, but also lost that of others who backed him. St. Francis had been quite a card player himself in his days as a gay young man in Paris, and, understanding the black despair that overwhelmed the gambler, tried to console him. The shower of picturesque curses with which he was told to mind his own business drove him away. For a while, he stood at the rail, pondering, and finally decided it was time to play trumps.

He secured a loan from one of the wealthy passengers, which he gave to the dispirited gambler. "Try your

luck again, my friend. This time it will be better."

When the soldier had recouped his losses and won a doubloon or two besides, St. Francis took advantage of his mellow mood to explain the evil way of his life. The man never again played cards, but devoted the remainder of his life to following the Jesuit's instructions.

The idioms peculiar to card games have been accepted as common usage in our language. In the days when Gladstone was constantly making harsh changes in the English conduct of Irish affairs, Archbishop Magee made a public protest about the premier which had widespread publicity. Later, the two men met in a London club. Said Gladstone, "I hear your lordship objects to my dealings with Ireland."

"No," replied the bishop. "It isn't your dealings I object to, it's your shufflings."



### *Turn of the Card*

THE expression "lost his shirt in a card game" had a literal fulfillment in the life of a well-known card addict who was later to be more widely known as a saint. After having gambled away his sword, dagger, powder pouch, and coat in Naples one day, the soldier, Camillus de Lellis, came back to lose even the shirt from his back. Later, over the very same bench on which the gamblers had stripped the future saint, a picture was erected showing Camillus taking off his shirt to pay his debt. A votive lamp burned before the picture, and mothers whose sons had become addicted to cards were accustomed to pray for them to St. Camillus.

Thomas A. Lahey, C.S.C., in the *Ave Maria* (18 Oct. '47).

*Tongue-loose and fee free*

# Speech

SLOW-EASY

# Doctor

By  
S. J. WOOLF



Condensed from the  
*New York Times Magazine*

**T**HIRTY years ago a young doctor opened the doors of a new type of hospital, devoted exclusively to speech disorders. With \$1,000 given him, and boundless hope, he rented an old-fashioned house on 37th St., turned its two lower floors into offices and examining rooms, and circularized schools, hospitals and physicians, informing them of his aims. On the first day, half a dozen mothers brought in afflicted children.

Today Dr. James Sonnett Greene is medical director of the National Hospital for Speech Disorders, the only one of its kind in the U. S., if not in the world, now occupying a seven-story building at Irving Place and 18th St. But at 67 Dr. Greene is the same enthusiastic optimist he was when he made up his mind to devote his life to sufferers who, he felt, had been misunderstood by his profession.

Dr. Greene is an unusual type of medical man. He is a mass of contradictions. Although a motto of his devising, "Slow-Easy," is in evidence throughout the hospital, he himself has the driving force of a high-powered business executive. He rails if he has to wait for the elevator, but after

he arrives at the desired floor he is as likely as not to stand talking for ten minutes, encouraging some dejected stutterer. He is intensely serious, yet always has a humorous story on tap.

Although Dr. Greene manages the institution himself, at heart he is a dreamer. He combines the concern of a horse-and-buggy family doctor for his patients with the impersonality of an aloof present-day practitioner. He has little money himself, but refuses to talk fees; three quarters of his patients pay nothing.

No less strange than the doctor is his institution. There is no formality. No forbidding white-garbed nurse dash through its halls. The elevator man, who, like many attendants, works in return for treatment, knows all the patients by name, and the patients themselves, who range in age from 3 to 70, know one another.

It is hard to realize that you are in a hospital when you meet scores of good-looking young men and women sauntering along, laughing and talking while strains of late song hits come over the air. You usually do not find young folk dancing in hospitals, while

*\*Times Square, New York City. Nov. 16, 1947.*



a nun, also a patient, watches as she knits. Nor do you ordinarily run across hearty moppets playing in sand-boxes and turning out modern art. This is a hospital where people, not diseases, are treated.

The hospital is open daily from 10 A.M. to 5 P.M., and holds two evening sessions a week. In addition to stutterers and those who have had larynxes removed, patients come with cleft palates, falsetto voices, and impediments caused by brain injuries or diseases.

People have come from many lands. I saw a child from India, another from Argentina. A young man from Arizona had worked his way to San Francisco, then shipped on a tanker to New York City.

A spirit of hope and happiness pervades the place. A few minutes with Dr. Greene are enough to explain its source. Sitting in his large office, surrounded by framed photographs of leaders in public life as well as top men in the medical profession, he exudes optimism. He prescribes faith as much as drugs and turns medicine and therapy into human, understandable subjects. He refuses to surround himself with mystery as many doctors do, yet his deep interest in his patients and the confidence he instills in them often prove more effective than prescriptions.

"You don't want to know anything about me," he said when I went to see him. "I am of no interest to anyone. The only thing that counts is this place, and I can't tell you half as well what is done here as you can see for

yourself if you go around and watch us in action. We have treatment rooms, a meeting room, a lounge and an auditorium. And, of course, we have laboratories and all kinds of scientific instruments.

"More than 10 million people suffer from speech disorders in this country. The great majority are in this condition as a result of some emotional disturbance arising out of a faulty approach to the realities. Most patients have this maladjustment, and we are trying to teach them how to live. . . . But enough of this talk."

He got up and, putting his arm about me, led me out of his office. Although I had met the man but a short time previously, I felt I had known him for years.

The first place we went to was the kindergarten where a dozen or more youngsters were at play. The sun streamed through its tall windows; on its walls hung amusing pictures; toys were everywhere. Some children were painting at easels. Dr. Greene asked questions about their work in a subdued tone. Most of them answered with no apparent effort. One had trouble. The doctor spoke more deliberately, "Now let's talk a little slower. I guess I don't hear so well today." He took the blame on himself. This reassured the child, and she spoke normally.

"You see," he said when we had left, "most of those kids are stutterers. That means they are high-strung and nervous. They need love and affection, sleep, relaxation and quiet surround-

ings. They must not be policed; they are better left alone.

"Some stuttering is brought on by accident, fright or change in environment. It may also be due to competition with brothers and sisters or to birth of a new baby, who threatens to displace the child as the center of attraction. But most cases are the result of nervous or domineering parents and the tensions they create in the home."

We went next to a room in which were some 20 grownups. The clinician, at one time a stutterer himself, chatted with them.

"What's the news with you, Hank?" he asked of a handsome chap who wore a veterans' button in his lapel.

"Good news," replied the patient. "I had to telephone this morning. Three times I got a wrong number. When I finally got the right number I was so glad I forgot to stutter."

We visited a class of five or six men. The voice of the instructor sounded like that of someone far down in a canyon. The voices of the students—I do not think of them as patients—sounded the same. They spoke distinctly but the voices had a strange timbre.

Later, Dr. Greene explained this. Every man, including the teacher, had had his larynx removed. They had been taught to speak through their esophagi. Today there are lawyers, teachers and salesmen who learned at the hospital how to speak in this way.

As we walked through the hall the sound of music came from the floor above. "Now," said Dr. Greene, as we went up, "I shall show you a part

of our treatment of dysphonia—stuttering. Most people who suffer from it are under an emotional stress. They bear a resentment against the world. Often their lack of coordination extends to other functions besides speech. They stutter in their arms or their legs. Therefore we have found it of great value to them to coordinate their actions to the accompaniment of music."

We entered a large room where 50 young men and women were going through exercises, looking like a calisthenics class in a gymnasium. Dr. Greene pointed out how some failed to keep in time and how tense and taut their motions were. "When they loosen up," he said, "their speech immediately begins to improve."

When a patient enters, a record is made of his voice. Then he is examined by a physician and, if necessary, neurological and psychiatric examinations as well as laboratory tests are made. Therapy is based on the assumption that most speech disorders are symptoms of a psychic or physical condition and that it is necessary to treat the underlying disorder as well as the speech itself.

Stuttering is regarded as an emotional problem. The treatment is aimed at breaking down unsound reactions and developing a more stable and better-rounded personality. To accomplish this the adult stutterer receives psychotherapy, relaxation therapy, a certain amount of speech work, and is induced to take part in social activities.

The reduction of nervous tension is also the goal in the case of child stutter-

ers.  
the c  
in t  
moth  
for i  
ticip  
O  
spee  
ampl  
then  
spee  
tion,  
beca  
cap o  
Dr  
He r  
Pain  
came  
that  
ticken  
After  
parat  
came  
the l  
publi  
pital  
Ta  
with  
many  
well-  
hand  
quot  
alitie  
Win  
meet  
club  
Anon  
a for  
ing S  
ten"  
tients

ers. As parents are often to blame for the condition, when a child is accepted in the hospital's kindergarten the mother is enrolled in the parentorium for instruction and guidance; she participates in treatment.

Organic abnormalities which cause speech disorders, cleft palates, for example, are first treated surgically and then a highly specialized type of speech training is employed. In addition, psychotherapy is often necessary because of the effect of speech handicap on the individual's personality.

Dr. Greene is proud of his patients. He recalls the time that Albert Bigelow Paine, biographer of Mark Twain, came to him. Paine stuttered so badly that he could never buy a railroad ticket to his home in Mamaroneck. After receiving treatment for a comparatively short time, the author became a lecturer also. In gratitude for the benefits, he started a small clinic publication called *Talk*, which the hospital still publishes monthly.

*Talk* contains articles by Dr. Greene, with more true religion in them than many sermons; it also prints stories of well-known men who have conquered handicaps of speech, together with quotations from such diverse personalities as Lord Chesterfield and Walter Winchell, and the happenings at the meetings of the Ephphatha club. This club is in many ways like Alcoholics Anonymous. It meets once a week and a former stutterer presides. After singing *Slow-Easy* and other "home-written" songs set to popular tunes, patients are called upon to speak.

During the last year about 4,000 patients were on the hospital's books. As there are no beds for the sick, it is not a hospital under the laws of the state, and accordingly cannot obtain public funds. However, many wealthy persons have helped it, and it has also received gifts from various philanthropic and private trusts. Its present building was provided by Lucius Littauer. At times it needs funds, for it has no endowment, and Dr. Greene, fearing what might happen should he die suddenly, has put all his savings into a special account to tide the hospital over until it is placed on a secure footing.

When I asked how he happened to go into this particular field and why he had made such personal sacrifices for the hospital, he said, "It's a long story that begins in this city a good many years ago, when a merchant who was comfortably off wanted his son to become a violinist. I finally convinced my father that I was no good at pulling strings and we compromised by my going to Cornell to study medicine.

"It is more than 40 years ago that I opened my office in New York and sat waiting for someone to ring the bell. My first patient was a young chap who stuttered, and who, as I have since learned, was unhappy, like most stutterers. I did not know what to do for him and I told him to come back in a few days. I had decided to read up on the subject in the meantime. But he never came back. Instead, I received a visit from a little old lady dressed in black, who came to tell me that the

boy had slipped off the roof of their house and killed himself.

"This tragedy made such an impression that when I went to Europe to study I worked with a doctor who specialized in speech and who taught that nerves, not the tongue, produced stuttering. When I came home I still kept thinking of that first patient. While sporadic attempts had been made in this country to treat speech defects, there was no institution devoted entirely to this therapy.

"I had little money of my own and I needed help. It was then I remembered that Dr. George Parker was trustee for a fund set up to help medical progress. I went to him and told him my story and came away with a check for \$1,000.

With only faith and youth and that check I signed a five-year lease for the hospital's first home, at the rate of \$3,500 a year. Where the money

would come from I did not know, but I went ahead on the assumption that I would make good. I practiced what I am still preaching: I did not look for failure; I prepared for success.

He was intensely serious. Suddenly a twinkle appeared in his sympathetic brown eyes. "My only fear is that at times the 'cures' we effect may be too good."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Not so long ago," he answered, "a man and his wife came. They were both miserable, for the woman stuttered so badly she could hardly talk. She started in with treatments and soon improved. Finally she was discharged. Not long afterward her husband came by himself. He seemed almost as unhappy as on his first visit. I feared that his wife had had a relapse and when I asked him, he shouted, "Relapse? No! Now I can't get a word in edgewise."



### Flights of Fancy

New Year's note: A merry evening maketh a sad morning.—*Thomas à Kempis.*

Conscience: the still small voice that makes you feel still smaller.—*Irish Digest.*

A file of kittens, coming on powder-puff paws.—*Gladys Taber.*

Work, an unpopular way of making money.—*Senator Ford.*

Mauve: pink trying to be purple.—*Whistler.*

A parlor pink, too yellow to be a red.—*Cholly Knickerbocker.*

A knee-action car genuflecting to a stop sign.—*Vernon Schlucher.*

Mason-Dixon Line, the boundary between you-all and youse guys.—*Hudson Newsletter.*

He was gorgonzolaed from head to foot by a stony British stare.—*Tennyson.*

So cold even the traffic lights were purple.—*J. Lee.*

[Readers are invited to submit similar figures of speech, for which \$2 will be paid on publication. Exact source must be given. We are sorry it is impossible for us to acknowledge or return contributions.—Ed.]

# Modern Medicine Is Catholic

By A. G. BADENOCH, M.D.

Condensed from an address\*

THE best medical men, whether they care to admit it or not, must practice Christian morality as embodied in the moral code of the Catholic Church. As scientists progress in knowledge, their discoveries lead them irrevocably into the embrace of truth. Examples are apparent in all branches of medicine; especially in obstetrics, psychiatry, and nutrition.

Healing, like education, was once a function of the Church. Until Renaissance times European medicine was largely dispensed by Religious Orders. With the Renaissance came the growing claims of philosophy and science to stand apart—a crisis in thought that ought to have ended when St. Thomas of Aquin announced in effect that truth is one and indivisible, and gave the world his great synthesis. Unfortunately, the Reformation followed soon after, emphasizing faith rather than works, with the effects of dehumanizing religion in the minds of many intellectuals. The humanitarianism of our own day, originally an offspring of natural charity, if not of Christian charity, has inevitably dissociated itself from such theologies as Luther's and Calvin's, and, lacking any deeply spiritual basis, has deteriorated into something that is often

surprisingly inhumane, not to say inhuman.

Medicine and doctors generally have allied themselves with the humanistic trend, so that, in balancing the ledger, we find both a credit and a debit column. On the credit side, we must record the abolition of slavery, improvement in working conditions for adults and children, prison and asylum reform, and various public health and local government acts dealing with the provision of water supplies, sanitation, control of infectious disease, and organized schemes for mother and child welfare; lastly the social legislation of our day.

When we look, however, at the other side of the ledger, we see the evil effects of the false philosophy that failed to preserve the idea of man as having a spiritual nature. Some of the results are: Malthusian doctrines of population, which treat men, women and children as ciphers in a geometrical progression; and the doctrines of the survival of the fittest that led to *laissez-faire* in economics and an incubus of human misery in the industrial slum. It is here that the doctors have come in with their so-called remedies, based again on a materialistic view of man and his destiny. Birth-control by con-

\*At the Newman Association summer school, Stonyhurst, Lancashire, England. August, 1947.



traception has been, lacking any spiritual view, a natural result of the pity with which the practicing doctor viewed the birth of children into such appalling conditions. The problem of the debilitated mother found and is finding a similar solution in the free use of medical abortion. The more theoretical-minded look to false eugenics for a remedy, and in our own day we have seen the rise of proposals to sterilize the mentally and otherwise unfit. One unforeseen result of inhuman conditions and unwise attempts to improve the public health is now pressing hard on our legislators and administrators: the great and growing preponderance of the older, over the younger, age groups. Already we have more old people than we have young ones to look after them. To find a remedy for this, our boasted humanitarian civilization has turned its eyes to Africa, where the aged and infirm are taken into the depth of the jungle and exposed to snakes and crocodiles. Euthanasia, perhaps better called mercy murder, is being freely put forward as a solution, not by our planners alone but also to no slight extent by popular opinion itself. No more terrible example of the weakening of the Christian ethic could be given.

Bad morals are bad medicine. Conversely, as medical skill advances, the medicine of the future will more nearly approximate correct moral practice.

Perhaps the best example of this betterment comes from the field of obstetrics. The sulfa drugs and penicillin together have made delivery by Cae-

sarean section so much safer, even in the infected case (e.g. a failed forceps delivery) that the horrible operation of craniotomy on the living child is becoming much less frequently practiced. As a practicing accoucheur, I feel sure that better prenatal care and prognosis will all but eliminate the partial disaster of the failed forceps delivery, and that even in the worst event a Catholic doctor will often be able to persuade the operating specialist to take a chance and deliver a living child by section, trusting to the prophylactic action of our potent modern remedies.

Another advance is in the care of the premature infant by the incubator and by new methods of intravenous feeding, so that babies have been reared even in the 5th month; the old 7th month need no longer be a limit of viability for the Catholic obstetrician.

The problem of morbidity in the early weeks of pregnancy is one that has often been solved in the past by lightly terminating the pregnancy. With pernicious vomiting now happily receding into an ugly past, the modern "indications" are mostly pulmonary tubercle, cardiac failure, and the toxemias of pregnancy. It is admitted by an impressive number of authorities that the risk of operating often outweighs the danger of an expectant line of treatment. Without denying that the extreme case may thrust a really heroic decision on the expectant mother and her husband, I wish to make the point that was made to me by a very distinguished tuberculosis officer: that the problem is largely one

of hospital beds; given the necessary accommodation for these cases, and, what is even more lacking today, sufficient staffs to nurse them properly, a large number of specialists would gladly adopt the expectant line, which of course is the Catholic solution.

Here is a great vocation for Catholic girls to consider. Although Religious Orders impress everyone who sees their work with their self-sacrifice in caring for the sick poor, the aged poor, the mentally deficient, and the delinquent, as well as the orphan children, a great shortage of nurses still remains, a growing blot on our vaunted medical services.

Another hopeful portent is the growing emphasis on the interaction between mind and body. Those who do not remember the mechanistic and even materialistic outlook of medicine in the early years of this century can scarcely appreciate this to the full. From recognition of the mental factor in illness, it is perhaps only a step to considering the spiritual side of the patient. This is being done by the Jungian school of psychotherapists who have moved on from the deterministic psychology of Freud and have now imported an idea of "purpose" into psychoanalytic procedures. To get the patient to realize that his troubles have been permitted by the Architect of our lives, for a good purpose, robs them at once of most of their power to harm and embarrass him. In this field, and in the more enlightened applications of child-guidance methods, there is great scope for both medical and lay

practitioners who are Catholics. This is the effective reply to deterministic methods that see no meaning in the struggles of the maladjusted, and would (in the more thoroughgoing techniques) classify by intelligence tests and proceed to deal with the "unfit" by segregation (which is often permissible and necessary) or by sterilization and even by euthanasia, which are unlawful and horrible. It is good for the medical profession to be free, so that the doctor may practice the art as well as the science of healing, unhampered by regulations from above. But it is even more important that the patient should be free to accept medical advice or to reject it. It will be a sorry day for the people if ever powers of direct action are delegated to the doctors. For instance, permission to marry is something that many quite sensible people would entrust to the medical profession. But the next step is likely to be permission to have children.

Enlightened public opinion can do much to guide new ideas into the right path for humanity, and never more so than when voiced by the Catholic doctor or nurse who is sound in the techniques of his or her profession and in the Christian ethic. A simple handbook to guide the laity in medical-moral matters, particularly those that concern married people, is badly needed. And a great deal can be done in the other direction by our building up and maintaining an understanding relationship with our non-Catholic colleagues in all branches of medicine

and nursing, but especially in maternity work. Personally, I have nearly always found them eager to learn and cooperate with the Catholic viewpoint.

One more new departure in medical thought deserves mention. Essentially it is a revolution away from the old emphasis on the immediate cause of disease, an emphasis that was unduly strengthened by the rise of the science of bacteriology in the past. Today our interest is being directed to the soil from which, humanly speaking, all our sustenance and health are naturally drawn. It is here the failure lies, and it is here, and not in medicine bottles or tablets, that the remedy is to be found. Even germs themselves may be viewed as having been forced by some distortion of nature's processes to prey where they should not prey. As St. Thomas said, things are good in themselves, even germs.

This, I suggest, is the correct attitude to what is beginning to be most talked about as "positive health." (Health, like freedom, is most talked about by men when it is in danger of

being lost.) Recent researches in organic farming, and in animal and human disease, suggest that the greed of mankind has led to impoverishment of the soil (as we see in the U.S. dust-bowl) and failure of our foodstuffs to nourish properly, and above all to provide disease-resisting qualities which our ancestors took for granted. Given healthy soil, germs cooperate with mankind in producing the elements necessary to healthy tissue; but on the very first steps being taken toward unnatural cultivation (and I would include the injudicious use of artificial fertilizers here) germs act as censors and valuable indicators that we have traversed nature's laws and allowed unnatural disease to appear. Catholic morality must oppose the falsification of food products for profit. When avarice goes one step further, and robs staple articles of diet like bread of their most vital constituents, for the sake of bigger sales and dividends, we see the physical fall of man in all its tragedy of widespread apathy, invalidism and sterility.



R

DR. C. C. JUNG, the distinguished European psychologist, writes, after 30 years' practice, "Among all my patients in the second half of life, that is to say, past 35, there has not been one whose problem in the last resort has not been that of finding a religious outlook on life. It is safe to say that every one of them fell ill because he or she had lost that which the living religions of every age have given to their followers, and not one of them has been really healed who did not regain his religious outlook." *Clear Horizons* quoted in *Guideposts* (Sept. '47).

Gem in the ashes

# The Nazi with a Heart

AN INTERVIEW



TEARS streamed down the cheeks of the nazi officer, as he wrung the hands of the American colonel and the liberated American priest. For Colonel Kohenburger had just been liberated, too.

*"Danke, danke schön! Aber, Ich weiss nicht . . .?"*

It was May 4, 1945. The American forces had penetrated to the Laufen internment camp in Upper Bavaria. They had seen Buchenwald and Dachau and countless other places, with their piles of shoes. They were embittered, cynical. At Laufen they had freed prisoners, in various stages of illness and injury, among them Father Ladislaus Sledz, American. The military and civilian personnel who had directed the camp were inmates now, among them the commandant, who ordinarily should bear the brunt of punishments. But instead he was free—his future status changed by the simple story of one man.

"Don't thank me; thank this priest," replied the American colonel to the nazi colonel. "But let me say this, colonel: You are the first German I have shaken hands with since we came into Germany. But you are an exception, colonel. No matter what the color of the uniform you wear, you are a gentleman. You are free—and you have

this priest to thank for your freedom."

This episode came as the climax of three years' imprisonment and privation endured under the nazis by Father Sledz. Its roots ran back to his early days at Laufen, when the nazi colonel acted against his better judgment and risked his life to befriend the priest. This was the payoff.

Father Sledz, a priest of the archdiocese of St. Paul, and former instructor at Nazareth hall, archdiocesan minor seminary, had gone to Poland seven years before the war to study for his doctorate. He took up his work at Cracow. There, the ardent Americanism of this American-born priest of Polish extraction impressed his associates. He was sent on a tour of Poland to lecture about the Poles in America. In the meantime, he was given charge of a Polish parish. Thus his studies were retarded, and before he was fully aware of what was happening, the big guns were roaring before Danzig and Hitler's blitz had descended upon Polish men, women, children—and livestock.

With the nazi occupation, Father Sledz saw Polish priests by the scores being taken into custody. One day, he heard a rap on his door. It was Sept. 23, 1942. "This is it," he thought, and he was not mistaken.

His passport had expired; he wanted to get a new one. There was no ambassador in Warsaw. The police intercepted his letter addressed to the U. S. embassy in Berlin, and came to get him.

Father Sledz was taken to no court; no charges were preferred against him. The police just came, and asked him: "An American citizen?"

"Yes."

"Have you got a gun?"

"I am a Catholic priest."

"We didn't ask you what you are; have you got a gun?"

"No."

Father Sledz was told to get himself a piece of bread. He did, and also his breviary.

He was ordered to precede the police down the street. "I had the jitters," he says. "That's the way they shoot people. They took me to the police station, and told me to sit down."

Father Sledz had been inclined up to this time to discount tales of nazi brutalities as Polish propaganda. But now he changed his mind; though he is always careful to distinguish between nazis and Germans, both in Germany and America, who remained true to real German culture. At the prison, out in the courtyard, he saw Poles and Jews lined up with their faces to the wall. The Gestapo police would come at intervals and push the faces of the victims against the wall.

In a few moments, Father Sledz found himself behind bars. He was now among hundreds who occupied the five-story prison. This American

priest shuddered as the door clanged behind him. He was surrounded by Poles, Jews, and other Americans. He did not have on his Roman collar—so quickly had his arrest taken place—and no one in the prison would talk to him: they did not know whether he was a genuine prisoner or a Gestapo man planted in their midst. On the third day he was transferred to another "bull pen," with the political prisoners. Here, also, no one could trust another, and he was again left in solitude.

The Poles were still hopeful that the Allies would free their country. The young, especially, were confident, and took all possible measures to insure their physical condition, exercising daily. They wanted to be ready and fit, when the time came.

One Polish boy, of 18 or 19, was called into the presence of the Gestapo for questioning. When he returned, Father Sledz could hardly recognize him. His nose was broken, flattened to his bloody face. Father Sledz placed his hand on the boy's shoulder, and told him to sit down. "I cannot," the boy replied, "I am beaten to a pulp." The lad's clothes clung to his battered body, shreds of flesh and fiber intermingling. He could not stand, nor sit, nor lie down.

"Why did they do this to you?"

"I committed only one crime: I said, 'I love Poland.'"

Another day a 16-year-old girl was subjected to a similar beating. Her shrieks and groans pierced the ear of the priest in his cell. "Do you think that by beating me, you can compel



me to betray Poland," he heard her ask her tormenters. "Never. Long live Poland."

One day Father Sledz saw a Polish priest he had known in happier days. The priest greeted him, and Father Sledz returned the salutation. For this, the Gestapo police struck him a blow so severe he thought his back was broken. (This was the only time, however, that he himself was struck, amidst all the horror he witnessed.)

When the Gestapo had dirty work to be done, they forced the Polish police to do it. The Polish police were assigned to take Father Sledz to Montelupich. He asked if he could shave. Since he could not use a straight-blade razor, and no other was available, the Polish policeman shaved him. The officer also arranged breakfast for him, and offered him a respite that he might do some visiting, but Father Sledz had no appetite nor desire for fulfilling social obligations.

"Father," the policeman explained, "I have to take you to Montelupich, but I don't want to do it, and I am not interested in getting you there immediately."

"Let us get on," said the priest.

The Polish policeman told some of his experiences. "Father, I had to shoot some Jews the other day, I and some other Poles. We didn't want to shoot them; we have nothing against the Jews; we didn't even know this particular group.

"The Gestapo forced the Jews to dig their own graves, lined them up on the edge, commanded us to shoot. At the

first volley, we didn't hit anybody.

"The Gestapo men were furious. 'What kind of a game is this?' they asked. 'You are going to shoot again. If you miss, we will put them over here, and you over there.'

"There was a nine-year-old boy among the Jews. When we went over to the graves, he cried out, 'Don't cover me yet. I'm not dead yet. I'm not dead yet.' I walked away from him; a Gestapo man shot him in the head with his revolver."

Father Sledz is at a loss to know how to explain the barbarity of the Gestapo: the best he can manage is, "He is a combination of dope fiend and moral degenerate." The priest was in Cracow when a boxcar was pulled onto a siding, and he saw the frozen bodies of dead Polish children fall out when the door was opened. Five million Poles have lost their lives since that fateful autumn of 1942, he reports; 5,000 Polish priests died in concentration camps: today, priests are badly needed; 500 parishes in Lower Silesia, the bishop in Breslau told Father Sledz, are priestless. The present Polish government bars priests from the area.

Father Sledz spent his three years of internment in two concentration camps in Upper Bavaria, a year and a half in Tittmoning, and the remainder of the time at Laufen, about 13 miles distant.

At Laufen, the priests were permitted, under agreement with the Vatican, to say Mass daily. Regulation's made even the saying of Mass rather

complicated, however, especially in the earlier days—toward the liberation restrictions were relaxed. While they were in force, the priests would have to obtain permission before each Mass. This involved going to the captain, who would call a soldier, who would call the priest, and then unlock the chapel door. But no priest was permitted to hear confessions in Polish.

The internees were permitted to take a walk once in six weeks or two months—accompanied by heavily armed German soldiers and police dogs. On one such occasion, two Polish girls approached Father Sledz, beseeching him to hear their confessions; they had not been to confession in four years.

Father Sledz turned to the commanding officer. "May I speak to these young ladies?"

"Yes."

The priest addressed the Polish girls. "I am Prisoner 524. I have no privileges, no rights; however, I will make use of every means at my disposal to do my duty as a Catholic priest."

Father Sledz went to the commandant, Colonel Kohenburger, and asked permission to see the German pastor, on spiritual matters. The colonel consented. The German priest was sympathetic and eager to help, but bound under obedience to his superiors to withhold his consent.

"It is forbidden to hear confessions in the Polish language."

"Forbidden by whom?"

"By Hitler."

"Father, since when do I belong to a Church in which Hitler has any-

thing to say? I belong to the Catholic Church; I take my politics from Washington, my religion from Rome. I take nothing from Hitler."

This, Father Sledz agrees, was being a little hard on the German priest, who said Mass for the Poles, but was not allowed to permit confessions in Polish. Father Sledz then appealed to the Chancery office in Munich, requesting his desired permission, in writing. The answer came back, orally, that it was impossible. The state would execute or imprison any priest who broke the law, leaving just one more parish priestless: better to give the Polish prisoners general absolution, rather than cause them and the priests more suffering.

This did not satisfy Father Sledz. He would make one more try. He went to see the nazi commandant, Colonel Kohenburger, again. He would try a little diplomacy.

"I would like to talk to you about something that happened a few days ago. Are you a believer?"

"No. I don't believe in anything."

"You don't? Why?"

The colonel pointed up. "Because that God is not our god."

"Colonel, you're wrong. That God wants to be your God, but you don't want to be His child. . . . However, we Americans do not discuss religion, politics, nor nationalities here. Colonel, forget that you are a German, that I am an American and a priest. I want to talk to you as man to man—it is hard to find a real man today. Now, I'm not a minister of propaganda for

the U. S.; I'm just a priest who wants to do his duty towards his people. I want to hear the confessions of the Polish prisoners.

"I don't like traitors, neither American traitors nor German traitors. I want you to be a good German, and I want the privilege of being a good priest and a good American."

"All right. Put your whole case in writing."

So Father Sledz put his case in writing. Soon, he was summoned before the commandant, who held the paper in his hand, his entire staff about him.

"Here's your application."

"Yes, colonel; what is the answer?"

"I allow it."

"You—you allow it! Do I understand? You allow me to hear confessions in the Polish language? You know the penalty for this?"

"Yes."

"Well, colonel, I will be candid. Greatly as I desired this favor, I did not dare hope it would be granted.

"You are a man. I want you to know that I am going to talk about this incident at every opportunity, and God grant me a long life that I may have more time for it."

But at this point, Father Sledz could not resist the desire to speak his mind. He could not understand why a nazi should allow him any privileges, especially on behalf of the Poles. He reminded the colonel of the nazi brutality toward the Poles, in life, in sickness, and on their deathbeds. He denounced Hitler, Himmler, Goebbels.

"You have your permission. Get

out!" shouted Kohenburger, taking him by the arm. At the door, the nazi muttered, "Now you've got me in a jam."

"I've got *you* in a jam? Didn't I speak the truth?"

"Yes. But I didn't do it. The nazis did it."

"Well, what did I do?"

"You said it all in front of those Germans. Why did you talk that way?"

"You are a German."

"You know very well we can't trust each other. Don't try to put anything over on me. I know that you know what is going on in Germany at present."

"Well," said Father Sledz, "I understand that you will have to punish me for what I said. But before you do, I would like to make the rounds of the TB hospital. There are Poles and Ukrainians there, and bolsheviks. May I go there as a Catholic priest every two weeks, and say Mass for them, and offer what consolation I can?"

The nazi colonel paused, but only for a moment. "If they find out that you are hearing confessions there, they will shoot you, and they will shoot me. But . . . I can only be shot once."

"Colonel, you are a gentleman. If the situation should ever change, and I am on top and you are on the bottom, I pray the Lord will give me a chance to do something for you."

That day came about a year and half later, May 4, 1945. The Americans came in; the chaplain of the camp and Father Sledz were invited to dinner

with the American officers. As they ate, the American colonel remarked: "Well, I wonder what we should do with these damn Germans." Father Sledz waited for someone to comment but when there was none, he spoke up.

"Colonel, I have something to say respecting the commandant of this camp, Colonel Kohenburger."

"What do you want me to do?"

"Free this man."

The colonel laid down his fork, stared hard at Father Sledz. "What are you, Father, a nazi?"

Under ordinary circumstances, Father Sledz could have smiled at that one. But after all he had been through, such a remark was hard to take, especially from an American colonel. "Colonel, if I were a nazi, I wouldn't be in this internment camp. . . ." He told him the story of his experiences with Kohenburger. The colonel heard him through.

"Father, you go with me. The rest of you wait for us here."

The priest and the colonel crossed the street. Colonel Kohenburger was

summoned from among the prisoners. He came up and saluted.

Then the American colonel extended his hand, for the first time to a German, freed the prisoner, and gave Father Sledz the greatest thrill of his life.

Father Sledz is back in America now. Before he came home, he went back to Cracow and got his degree; then spent eight months as member of the Vatican mission visiting DP camps in Yugoslavia, Poland, and elsewhere. Although he believes that the present communist masters of Poland are about to begin open persecution of the Church in Poland, reviving the old "morality trials" of priests, he is anxious to go back there to work, if that be the will of his superiors.

But the mark of his experiences clings to him. As he finished his story and rose to go, one of his listeners stepped to his side to help him with his coat. Involuntarily, he stepped aside, and put it on unassisted. In nazi Germany, you didn't let anyone get behind you.



### *But the Flesh is Weak*

SOME spiritualists once persuaded Charles Dickens to attend one of their séances and asked him what spirit among the departed he would like to see. He considered the question briefly, and suddenly thought of a lately departed friend, a celebrated grammarian.

"Summon Lindley Murray," he said. Soon they told him that Lindley Murray was in the room.

"Are you Lindley Murray?" asked the doubting Dickens:

"I am," came the ghostly reply.

That was Dickens' last experiment in spiritualism.

*Quote (16-22 Nov. '47).*

Odd roofs over nothing

# Pagoda

# Country

Condensed chapter  
of a book\*



By  
GEORGE L. KROCK,  
M.M.

PAGODAS are charming accents on the Chinese sky line. Foreigners look curiously at those tall, slender towers, bristling with layers of roofs, and consider them typical of China. Actually, pagodas were first introduced into the country in the second or third century of the Christian era, with the coming of Buddhism from India, where they served as shrines for relics of Buddha. Chinese architects built pagodas in their own style and to serve the purposes of Chinese beliefs. Pagodas were used as charms to correct any geographical factors that might be unlucky. It was believed that the direction of the rivers and the prevailing winds of a locality affected its inhabitants. If a valley was unlucky, crops were poor, and children died, a suitable pagoda would fix everything. The story is told of a pagoda erected in a northern province of China to insure success of the local scholars in the imperial examinations. It was called the Pen Pagoda. When the students still failed, it was pointed out that a pen is useless without ink. A black tower was accordingly built to serve as an Ink Pagoda; and to be on the safe side, a third, called the Paper

Pagoda, was provided. Thereafter, it is said, aspirants to official honors fared better.

Architecture must either blend with its natural surroundings or contrast with the landscape in a pleasing manner. A tower that starts straight for the sky, with no outbuildings to tie it into the picture, is one of the most difficult contrasts to put into a landscape. The pagoda achieves beauty under these challenging conditions. Religious imagination has produced in the pagoda a distinct architectural form. Western architecture's nearest approach to that form would be the free-standing campanile of Italy, or the Egyptian obelisk.

Pagodas are often on mountaintops, far from human dwellings. They are constructed of an uneven number of stories, generally nine, 11 or 13. I have frequently climbed small mountains to examine a pagoda. Usually I was disappointed to find that the inside was hollow, inhabited by bats, and without stairs or floors, though there were windows to mark off each stage or landing.

The ordinary pagoda is built of pounded lime or fired brick, over a

\*Stop Killing Dragons. 1947. Declan X. McMullen Co., 225 Broadway, New York City, 7. 137 pp. \$2.



stone foundation. Each tower took years to finish, and all the materials had to be carried on the shoulders of men and women. Most, but by no means all, of these pagodas are white. Some very elaborate pagodas are covered with glazed tiles. The roofs, which occur at each level of the tower, offer unlimited scope for decoration. The eaves are of carved, colored wood; birds, dragons, and lions sport through a carved forest of foliage and flowers. Porcelain animals and fish form friezes on the ridges of the tiles. The roof corners are finished with gilt bells, which chime in the wind.

Of great fame was Nanking's Porcelain Pagoda, which represented 19 years of labor. Nine stories high, it was covered with tiles of colored porcelain, and sparkled in the sun and rain. On each roof level, along with the bells, lamps were hung. The whole tower could be illuminated on great occasions. This tower was destroyed during the Taiping rebellion (1851-1865).

Other famous pagodas of China are the Wild Goose Pagoda, of Shensi; the Snake Pagoda, of Soochow; and the Leaning Pagoda, on the Shanghai-Nanking railroad. One town in Fukien, which already had a mountain that was slender and came to something of a point, simply turned the whole mountain into a pagoda. A huge, pointed cap of plaster was placed on the mountaintop, and roof scallops were constructed at the different levels. Some of China's pagodas are very ancient. Several, built of mud

and brick, have survived from the Tang Dynasty period (618-907), known as the golden age of Chinese art and literature.

In the Maryknoll Kaying vicariate alone, more than 40 pagodas crown the summits. There is a lovely white one in Chungsun, the first mission to which I was assigned. From my window I could see the graceful tower at the head of the valley, and I never grew tired of looking at it. Many a typhoon had roared around its roofs; through the centuries, storms had pounded and lightning had flashed, only to reveal this slender sentinel still guarding the valley.

No one in Chungsun remembered having heard in what year the white pagoda was built. All agreed that it was very old; some said it had always been there. There is a legend relating that once a learned noble of Peking, while riding in a palanquin through the valley saw the lovely tower reaching up into the clouds, and wrote a poem about it. But that was generations earlier, and none of Chungsun's merchants nor farmers ever read poetry, so the tribute had been lost.

Some years ago, in the city of Chowchufu, Father Le Favre had planned a bell tower for his stone church. Because the local non-Christians had objected strongly to the erection of the tower, it had never been finished. Father Le Favre then announced that he would put up the bell tower in the form of a pagoda. Even the non-Christians were delighted, and contributed toward its completion.

Today China's pagodas are falling into disrepair. Since the founding of the republic, they are no longer maintained by local taxes. Vegetation and even small trees have taken root on the roofs, and gradually the towers are crumbling. They will be missed more than any other feature of old China, except possibly the city walls.

China has a generous proportion of beautiful, crumbling walls; great ones, whose ruins have survived the types of warfare that they were fashioned to resist; lesser ones, whose purpose it is hard to fathom, unless it could have been to make a small village look like a strong city.

The most famous and one of the most futile of all mural defenses is the great Wall of China. It is called by the natives the "Ten Thousand Mile Wall," though actually it is only 1,500 miles long. It stretches from Kansu province to Hopei province. During the reign of Emperor Shih Huang Ti (246-210 B.C.), a Mongolian people called Tartars, who lived north and west of China, cast covetous eyes on the fertile fields along the Yellow river and the more southerly regions. It seemed to the ambitious and warlike Emperor Shih Huang Ti that the best way to keep those savage horsemen out of China would be to build a wall. The wall would need to be a very long one, which would close off and protect the entire northern frontier of his empire. An edict went out, and the whole army of China, all the criminals of the land, and many scholars suddenly found themselves turned

into bricklayers and stonemasons.

In the course of 12 years the Great Wall grew and writhed like a stone dragon across the hills of China. Its height was from 15 to 30 feet, and it was so broad that two vehicles driving along its summit might pass each other. The Great Wall of China is the only man-made object that could be observed from the moon. The only thing wrong with the wall was that it did not keep the Tartars out. Tartars intermarried with the Chinese; some of them even worked on the wall.

In spite of all that he did to unite and strengthen China, Emperor Shih Huang Ti has been hated by his people for over 20 centuries because of his "Burning of the Books." Scholars had dared to criticize the great ruler. He ordered the public burning of all China's books, except those on rites, agriculture and medicine. Four hundred and sixty of the scholars were burned alive. But the Emperor's cruelty was as futile as his wall, for the scholars had memorized all the important works, and soon those who survived had them written down again.

Walls are beautiful; they give a look of dignity and strength to a place. Books are important; they pass on the learning of one generation to the next. But a nation cannot live solely on its past glories, and today China is turning from its preoccupation with futile boundary walls and ancient manuscripts. Formerly, students spent their youth memorizing the classics; now



every middle-school lad wants to be an engineer. Hardly more than 20 years ago, Chinese literati looked with disdain on all physical exertion; they cultivated fingernails as long as bears' claws to prove that they performed no manual labor. The Chinese students of today have a wholesome interest in sports. They want very much to take their place among the world's progressive nations.

Several years ago, the Chinese Republic issued an order that all city walls were to be dismantled. It is impossible to modernize a walled town. Its streets are but narrow alleys, where no truck or car can run; its open drains are a menace to health. The walls must come down in order to

admit the sunlight and the wind.

Lovers of the old days are lamenting. Those who see no beauty in a modern city are going to miss the ancient walls. The walls of Chinese cities had mellowed in the sunshine of centuries. Ages of rainfall had covered them with lichen. Their four ancient gateways—the North Gate, the South Gate, the East Gate, and the West Gate—gave graciousness and pomp to the comings and goings of the city. From the wall towers, the hours were called. There, on festival days, the banners were hung. In those same towers, hawks nested; and there people would climb in the cool of the evening to look at the hills. Now all that beauty will belong to the past.



### *Points of View*

IT HAS always been a favorite entertainment of mine to stand on a busy corner and watch the people go by. Last spring, when I was doing a broadcast down in Mexico City, I jumped at the opportunity to play my old game. I walked across the street from the place where I had lunched and stood there studying the people. A Mexican walked past, looked toward me and tipped his hat. I thought at first it might be a mistake. But I realized that he must have seen me in the movies.

Then a second and a third man walked past and tipped their hats. It suddenly dawned on me that I was better known in Mexico than I had imagined. I knew that sooner or later people would gather around and compel me to quit my pleasure post. But it was fun while it lasted. And it was a great feeling of satisfaction to be so internationally known and loved.

However, when nearly every man tipped his hat, and I had tipped mine in return, it occurred to me that it was almost impossible that I was that well known in Mexico. I looked around.

I was standing before a Catholic church.

Edgar Bergen. (Reprinted by permission of the New York Post Syndicate, Inc. Copyright, 1947, New York Post Corp.)

# MEN ARE PEOPLE at FORD

By ANDRÉ FONTAINE  
Condensed from *Colliers*\*



**H**ENRY FORD was father of the assembly line; his genius with machines led American industry into an era of undreamed production and prosperity via his newly discovered techniques of mass production. In doing so, it was said, he completely forgot the human beings who powered that production.

Today Henry Ford II, 30-year-old grandson of the late genius, has embarked on the job of correcting this imbalance between man and machines. If his grandfather made robots out of men, young Henry seems determined to make men out of the robots.

In his two years as president of the multimillion-dollar Ford Motor Co., this chubby-cheeked, amiable young man has turned the old company completely topsy-turvy, and the basic drive which has powered the revolution is his new idea on human relations. Young Henry both explains the revolution and demonstrates the kind of unassuming candor that makes people like him. Asked if his sociology at Yale was responsible for his flair for human relations, young Henry snorted, "Not at all. I didn't learn anything in those

courses—except maybe one which was kind of fun. A course in psychology. I took them because I had flunked in engineering. The other guys said sociology was a snap course, so I figured that was for me. I flunked it, too.

"Machines alone do not give us mass production. Mass production is achieved by both machines and men. I am suggesting, therefore, that we try to rewrite the equations to take into account the human factor. If we can solve the problem of human relations in industrial production, I believe we can make as much progress toward lower costs during the next ten years as we made during the past quarter century through the development of the machinery of mass production."

Another result which young Henry didn't mention was foreseen by Edward Cushman, director of Wayne university's institute of labor relations, and by other observers familiar with the "new" Ford Co. They believe that if Ford II succeeds in revamping human relations in his own firm, he may well lead the rest of the industry and perhaps the nation into a solution of the basic economic problem of this

\*250 Park Ave., New York City, 17. Nov. 15, 1947.

century. This most important job, they agree, is to introduce into our economic system the kind of democracy we now have in our political system. If it is accomplished, an end to the violence of labor wars would be only the most obvious result; if it is accomplished it would eliminate a good measure of the mass appeal that makes totalitarianism such a threat to our democratic system. Those men don't say young Henry will achieve this striking goal. They do say that he has the chance.

"Human relations" to young Henry means a whole lot more than his dealings with the 62,000-member Local 600, United Auto Workers CIO. It means relations with all its thousands of employees from Ernest R. Breech, executive vice-president and No. 2 man, on down; with his dealers and suppliers; with the communities in which Ford plants are located, and with the public generally.

The change he has wrought is obvious the minute you step into the Administration building at Dearborn, Mich. Five years ago a reporter walked into the lobby to keep an appointment with Charles Sorensen, then a vice-president. Over on his right was a pulpitlike affair from which a hard-faced man handed him a slip on which to write his name and mission. The reporter wrote, then sat on one of the benches along the wall. He had to keep his eye on the man in the pulpit, for that keeper of the gates never called anyone by name; he simply crooked a finger at you if you were to

be admitted to the Ford inner sanctum.

The reporter sat for a day and a half. Finally a boy escorted him to Sorensen's office. Once there, Sorensen met him at the door, said, "What do you want to ask me questions for, anyway? I don't see why you reporters come butting in here. It's none of your business what we're doing."

Today the pulpit is gone. In its place are two desks, manned by courteous girls. You still write your name on a slip of paper, but you wait a few minutes or no time at all, and are escorted to your destination only if you think you can't find it yourself. When you get there the chances are you'll be amazed at the lengths to which executives will go to find the information you want.

Shortly after he took over the presidency, Henry Ford II announced, "This is no longer a one-man show. It's a team."

The idea of teamwork pervades the whole management staff. No longer do employees gather in furtive knots in the immaculate hallways to whisper their gripes. One official who had seen the before-and-after said, "It's as though a heavy weight has been lifted off every man's shoulders."

The essence of it seems to be that H. F. II, as some of his assistants call him, practices Christianity. He believes in treating people like human beings. He thinks it pays off.

There are indications that he's right. But treating people like human beings can become an enormously complex operation when you are dealing with



more than 100,000 of them and your relations have been formalized by the organization of a union.

"Mass production," young Ford said, "has given us a high standard of living, but it has very materially changed industrial relationships. The old relationship between an employer and a group of employees he knew intimately does not now exist for millions of men and women. Because the factory worker is a specialist, he no longer has the kind of satisfaction which a craftsman building a complete machine might enjoy."

This is the stumbling block which has caused many a well-intentioned employer to come a cropper in his labor relations. Young Henry is intent on hurdling it successfully. To give him a leg up he relies on the findings of a survey made by Elmo Roper. In it Roper reported that there are four basic things which Americans—worker or manager—want: 1. a sense of security; 2. an opportunity to advance; 3. to be treated like a human being rather than a number on a pay roll; 4. a sense of human dignity that comes from feeling that his work is useful to society as a whole. Satisfy those four needs for your workers, Ford thinks, and you have the recipe for smooth labor relations.

"And do you know why this is the answer to labor peace?" he asks. "Because it came right out of the mouth of labor itself."

If you take apart young Henry's record on labor relations, you'll see that recognition of these four needs is

behind every move. In 1946 when General Motors and the United Auto Workers were battling on the picket lines to determine the pattern for post-war wage increases, Ford broke the deadlock by signing with UAW at an increase of 18¢ an hour. But in return Ford won an unprecedented "company security clause" which allowed him to crack down with impunity on workers who engaged in unauthorized work stoppages.

Roper's Need No. 1 is the most important in young Henry's mind; around the Ford plant you hear the phrase "a feeling of security" almost as much as you do at a psychiatrists' convention. That's why last summer he dropped another labor-relations bomb smack into auto makers' laps; a pension plan to give his employees more security.

But his employees tossed the pension plan right back. The reason they rejected it, UAW officials said, was not that they don't want a pension system (they definitely do), but they didn't think the one Ford offered was a very good bargain. It was a choice of the plan plus a 7¢-an-hour wage increase or no plan and the equivalent of 15¢ an hour, and the majority of the members chose the latter. They said the plan would have cost them too much in wages at a time when prices were high.

Nevertheless, Ford already can point to tangible results of his enlightened labor policy. Take the matter of grievances. For the last nine months of 1945 (there are no reliable records

before that) the number of grievances by UAW workers averaged 2,387 a month. In 1946 this dropped almost 50% to an average of 1,188 a month, and in 1947 it declined still further to 1,130 a month. When you consider that many first-rate labor-relations experts figure that the grievance rate is the real key to labor peace, you can see that Ford has been pretty effective.

Ford is completely hardheaded about his labor relations. His dealings with the Foreman's Association of America are an example of this practical approach. Shortly after the company announced it was withdrawing recognition of the foremen's union early in July, a reporter was questioning him about the move.

"Look," he said, "you can't just withdraw recognition and get away with it. It seems to me you have to start eliminating the conditions that made the foremen join a union in the first place. Otherwise you're likely to have plenty of trouble. No?"

Young Henry grinned. "That's right," he said. "We are eliminating those conditions. If you want foremen to be part of management you've got to see to it they feel like a part of management. For instance, we're giving them their own parking spaces nearer the plant, and their own lunchroom. They no longer have to punch a time clock. They don't have badges like the workers any more, or soon won't, but special identification cards. We're checking over the payrolls and if in any case a foreman earns less than a skilled worker, he gets a raise.

"But more important, we're putting in a system of Foreman's Representatives in each unit. If a foreman has a gripe he takes it to his representative, who gets action on it fast; he takes it right to the top if necessary. Also, we're starting a training program by which foremen can prepare for better jobs, and I'm announcing that from here in, our management people are going to be taken from the ranks whenever it's at all possible. And, of course, we're setting up a series of dinner and other meetings at which we'll let not only foremen but supervisors of all ranks know what's going on in the company."

At one such meeting recently young Henry revealed how important he believes such intracompany communication to be. He told a group of supervisors, "We talk to you, you talk to your people, your people talk to people under them, and then the whole process reverses itself. You can't have good communications on a one-way street."

Young Henry, however, scrupulously avoids any social worker's attitude of do-goodism in his policies. He tries to meet the basic needs and dissatisfactions of his employees, but he doesn't get pushed around enough to notice. As one Detroit old-timer put it. "Young Ford is rating himself well. He knows he's not old nor wise enough to head a big firm. So he takes advice. I think everyone here in Detroit will be interested in helping him."

That is the key to young Henry's personality: he makes people want to

help him. He does it by a combination of politeness, tact, and forthrightness. Here's an indication: Ford executives have a squawk-box system so they can talk easily to each other in their widely separated offices. As often as not young Henry will call one of his assistants on this intercommunication system and pose a problem. If he can't get an answer right away he'll say, "Hang on, I'll come down and talk about it," not, "You come up here and let's talk about it."

Ford is anxious to regain its old position as the largest maker of cars and trucks in the country. Before the war it was down in No. 3 position. Ford's new team of top-management people was not completed until March 15, 1947, and there are still many in the lower ranks of the hierarchy who haven't got the new religion, but for the first six months of this year Ford moved up to No. 2 position. Whether it can hold its place remains to be seen.

Other auto manufacturers are keeping their fingers crossed about Ford's chances. They are not going overboard about young Henry, either. A couple of years ago they said, "He's a nice young fellow." That's all. Today they say, "Well, he's no genius, and he knows it. He's a nice fellow and he's a long way from being stupid. He's picked himself a top-flight team out there. It'll be interesting to see what will happen."

The same tolerant skepticism is demonstrated by Walter Reuther, president of United Auto Workers. That's something, because acid-

tongued Reuther is not known for the cream puffs that he tosses at auto manufacturers. Asked about Ford, Reuther said, "He looks promising. Of course, he's only been president for a couple of years and maybe it won't last. But so far he's shown a lot of intelligence."

H. F. II still likes to drive cars and he enjoys flying in the company plane. He has a summer place in Southampton, Long Island, and on most Friday afternoons he flies there from Dearborn. He takes the train back Sunday night, because he doesn't see any reason why the pilots should work on Sunday just to bring him home.

John R. Davis, Ford advertising and sales director, sums up young Henry this way, "He has the skill, stability and maneuverability of his grandfather and the sweetness of his father." It is safe to say that the former qualities were brought to the surface by his experience during the two years after he rejoined Ford in August, 1943, at the age of 26.

When young Henry joined the company his grandfather was 80, and a good part of operations were in the hands of Harry Bennett, titular director of industrial relations. Ford had always been a one-man business, and when this one man, Henry Ford, was walled away from the rest of the staff by Bennett, the other executives were leaderless. Young Henry saw at first-hand the effects of his grandfather's isolation. Since he didn't even have a desk he could call his own, he circulated around, and as he circulated he

heard a great deal of conversation.

But when he tried to do something about the dissatisfaction he saw, he found himself quite helpless. Every time he tried to make a move he would get just so far and then someone, he never knew who, would pull the rug out from under his feet. He was fighting ghosts. Detroit observers were betting he wouldn't have the guts to stick it out. But he did. He discovered that the firm had no advertising manager, so he became it. But he never had a chance to do the job that went with the title.

He saw how chaotic and paralyzed with bureaucratic fears the management had become. The determination to do something about it hardened in him. To help him he had John Bugas, present director of industrial relations; Mead L. Bricker, a top-flight production man; and his brilliant mother, who had watched the same Bennett blitz that her son was getting, wear down and finally break her husband. Young Henry wanted some more fighters on his side. Because he wasn't sure whose advice he could trust, he determined to pick his man on the basis of the only impartial evidence available: the record. He checked, rechecked, talked with people after hours and off the plant grounds. Finally he came up with a name he thought looked good, John R. Davis.

Davis had been sales manager four or five years before, but had incurred the wrath of Bennett, been demoted, and exiled to the West Coast. Young Henry went west. Would Davis come

back as sales manager of the company? As diplomatically as possible, Davis said No. After all, Bennett was still kingpin, and young Henry had not yet proved that he was big enough to overrule the monarch. Davis was afraid that if Bennett opened fire on him a second time he would be blasted right out of his job.

Finally the chips went down. "I need you badly," Henry said. "The company needs you. Will you come back on this basis: if you go, I go?" Davis agreed.

The return of Davis in 1944 was a direct challenge to Bennett. The silent, invisible battling intensified. Bugas, Bricker, Davis, and H. F. II could no longer trust the secrecy of their own offices; they began to meet downtown. Feeling ran so high that once, on a Sunday, when Davis went to an assistant's house to talk over a business matter, he was not even invited inside but was kept standing on the front porch while they talked.

Finally the decisive day came. The battle had, of course, centered around old Henry, and no one knows how the balance of power was swung from Bennett to young Henry except the Fords—and they are not talking. But the visible result came on Sept. 21, 1945, at a directors' meeting. Young Henry was named president.

Before the meeting had completely broken up, young Henry strode down the mahogany-paneled corridor to Bennett's office. He was inside alone with Bennett for several minutes; when he came out Bennett was no

longer boss of Ford, though he was allowed a face-saving directorship for another month.

Immediately the revolution was under way. How drastic it was is indicated by the report, possibly apocryphal, that when young Henry and Bugas set out to fire one top executive they discovered he had locked himself in his office. They kicked the door down. The big wind lifted executives out of their chairs by the dozens and dumped them outside.

The Ford Co. had been a citadel of silence and mystery. Almost overnight this changed. Executives began to appear at the Detroit Athletic club. They began to mix, go to parties, join in community activities. Reporters, telephoning the plant to verify some of the fantastic rumors, one day found they were put through directly to the Ford News bureau and told what they wanted to know. Others discovered if they telephoned an executive and were told that he was out, that before the day was over the executive would call back to ask what was wanted.

Young Henry took trip after trip around the country talking to dealers, to leaders of communities in which Ford plants were being planned, and to heads of the 6,000-odd businesses which supply him with parts. An entirely new tack has been taken with them: today they are asked for suggestions instead of being told what is needed and "supply it or else." They love it, and their cooperation has already saved Ford millions.

In July the New York Financial

Writers association voted Henry Man of the Year. But Henry II has a long way to go. Of Elmo Roper's four points, he has done something decisive about only the first. True, he has announced opportunity for advancement for all Ford employees, but such an announcement usually doesn't convince men; they have to see it happen over and over again. On Roper's point No. 3, to be treated like a human being, young Henry has certainly made a start, and has been pretty successful with the men immediately around him. But it takes a long time for this sort of thing to sift down to 130,000 employees scattered all over the country. The same general observation goes for point No. 4, to feel that your work is important.

This is, of course, a basic, long-term policy. It aims to cure the causes of discontent. It is quite possible that before the full impact of it is felt, and it will probably take years, labor disputes caused by past errors will flare up at Ford.

A good evaluation of Ford's chances of success was given by Edward Cushman, head of Wayne university's institute on labor relations. Cushman points out that there are several obstacles, over some of which young Henry has no control, which might trip him up. One of them is possibility of revived factionalism within management.

The vast amount of paper work necessary in any operation as huge as Ford contains always the seeds of bureaucratic red tape. Young Henry is



sensible of this danger, and to prevent it, he constantly seeks decentralization of authority and responsibility as well as dispersal of the Ford physical plant. But it is at least possible that he won't be able to get away with it.

Another difficulty that Cushman pointed out was within the UAW itself. Ford Local 600 with its 62,000 members is terrifically unwieldy. It is also liberally sprinkled with communists. Suppose, for instance, that Richard T. Leonard, UAW national Ford director who has been pretty cooperative, should move on to another job and be replaced by someone more radical. That, Cushman thinks, could play hob with Ford's program. (When asked about this, young Henry shrugged and said, "We couldn't help that. But I'll tell you one thing: we'd never change our basic labor policies.")

Cushman also finds forces on the positive side which will help Henry II win his chance for labor peace. "He understands the basic forces working in human relations. He understands

the particular difficulties in the union he has to deal with. He seems to be sincere and honest, and stubborn in his desire to carry his program through."

Also, he added, the Ford Co. still has the flexibility that allowed old Henry to take so many precedent-breaking steps. It has no big board of directors to sell on a bold move, no thousands of voting stockholders to satisfy. And young Henry seems to have, or is now building, the industrial power that would be needed to carry him through to his goal.

Young Henry is a man who is uncomfortable in the presence of five-syllable words and 16-cylinder economic theories. When the idea was presented to him that he might lead the nation into a new kind of economic democracy, he said nothing, but broke into a grin which plainly said, "Now you're really going off the deep end, aren't you, mister?" Just the same, so strong are his convictions on his new policies, that it is certain he would love to do the job.



### *Potency and Act*

ETIENNE GILSON, Catholic philosopher, last fall delivered Marquette university's annual Aquinas lecture. Dr. Gilson talked fluently, well, and at great length. At the conclusion of the lecture Gilson was besieged by enthusiastic admirers, eager to ask questions and discuss various philosophic problems with him.

Gilson, weary from hours of intense concentration and talk, finally found himself in the comfort of the drawing room of one of his Milwaukee hosts, who fortified him with a tall, cool highball.

The philosopher, for years occupied with problems of being, took a long, refreshing draught, sighed, gazed meditatively into the depths of the amber, ice-tinkling glass, and murmured, "I have never yet done justice to essence."

Gene Hartlein

By all their country's wishes blest



# America Searches FOR HER DEAD

By PAUL BUSSARD

THE Joseph V. Connolly recently repatriated 6,200 bodies of American soldiers who gave their lives in defense of the U. S. Every body on that ship was properly and undeniably identified. Nothing was spared, neither labor, money, nor, most of all, care and respect, to make certain, beyond any doubt, that the remains were those of the soldier whose name was on the casket.

The war in Europe, excluding Africa, Sicily and Italy, cost 156,225 casualties. When the Graves Registration Service was activated there were 35,000 bodies still unfound. They were scattered over a territory of 1,600,000 square miles.

The task of locating those graves would have dismayed any nation except America. There was a job to be done, and the nation set out to do it with the same determination and efficiency with which the boys who lost their lives won the war.

It involved the services of some 12,000 men, in addition to those assigned to the building, care and maintenance of the 37 temporary U. S. Military cemeteries of the European area. Three field commands were formed to carry out the searching operations.

Definite methods were devised for the giant sweep of Europe. Basically the plan was this: a quartermaster group (approximately the size of a battalion) would be assigned a certain definite geographic area to be searched. Group headquarters would be located near the largest communications of the area. The area to be covered was divided into strips assigned to Graves Registration companies, who in turn broke down their assigned strip of territory into smaller strips. The actual work was carried out by three teams with definite and different duties. The first team to leave a Company headquarters set out to publicize the task; they traveled by jeep from village to village. At each place the publicity team sought time on local radios, placed posters in prominent locations, inserted announcements in local newspapers, and consulted local officials. Announcements invited everyone who had any information as to the burial location of an American soldier or a clue which might lead to the discovery of American dead, to turn in the information to the local authorities. With great effort one publicity team could visit about 20 villages a day. No village, however small, was overlook-

ed. The U. S. was searching for her dead.

The publicity team was followed by the second team, the search team. Its task was to investigate the information accumulated as a result of the efforts of the publicity team. A search team might be made up of any combination that would fit into a jeep, a non-com and a driver-interpreter, or an officer and interpreter, a driver and a clerk-recorder. The composition of the team varied with the situation. Search teams were provided with special questionnaires designed to help them obtain information from the local populace and to sift the oral evidence so obtained more rapidly. They disregarded no clue, even though they soon learned from experience that about 70% of the information received was erroneous, the usual proportion of error when mass information is sought as to past events. Where they actually found a grave that might be that of an American, the search teams pinpointed its location on a map, and moved on.

A third team followed the second, to perform the sad task of disinterment. This was a larger team, traveling in trucks as well as jeeps, called a mobile bivouac unit. The men lived in specially constructed trucks, pitching camp at night. The trucks and jeeps were drawn up in a circle, with a campfire built in the center. The men were a picture of their ancestors, who camped in similar fashion when they were pushing back the frontier in the U. S. The frontiersmen were searching

for a new life, in which freedom and respect for the person would be essential. The campers in Europe were searching for the bodies of those who had given their lives in a fight to preserve that freedom and that respect for the individual, which had been denied and so nearly suppressed.

No other nation has made so great an effort to recover her dead.

It was an order that no one except an American should be allowed to touch the remains of an American. When prisoners of war were used, they were allowed to dig to within a foot of the body. From there on, U.S. Army personnel took over.

The 2nd World War was the first war in which the airplane played a predominant role. We managed with great sacrifice to attain air supremacy. But the result was that bodies of the dead fell in remote and often almost inaccessible places. One search and recovery unit went 300 miles above the Arctic circle to recover a single body. Others climbed the Alps. Natives could have made the ascent more easily and brought the bodies down, but the rule was kept that only an American would touch an American who had sacrificed his life. The searchers used divers to bring the dead up out of deep waters. They drained lakes to recover the dead. They worked in sections which had not yet been completely cleared of mines.

On one occasion a fighter plane had fallen into a swamp. It had plummeted to earth, evidently under full speed, because only a part of the tail of the

plane was visible. The force of its fall had completely submerged it in the mud. For 14 days futile efforts were made to extricate it.

Tractors were ineffective even with the assistance of landing strips. Even a tripod and pulley placed over the plane failed to get it out. Finally the men had to set up water pumps and began to dig. After they dug completely around the plane, it was extricated with the aid of a five-ton hoist. The body of the pilot was there.

In this case identification was easy. In many others positive identification could be accomplished only with extreme difficulty and through the use of modern scientific methods and apparatus.

Many combat casualties, for example (actually only a small percentage of the total dead), were found buried as unknown in isolated locations simply because there was no visible way of making an identification. In a number of such cases the American Graves Registration Command, after disinterment, by placing the body under a fluoroscope, was able to find an identification tag or bracelet that had been driven into the body, and from it to obtain the name that led to complete identification.

Clothing was subjected to chemical washing which revealed serial numbers which would never otherwise

have been known. The Broca scale, a scientific instrument which determines the height and weight of a person by the measurement of his bones, was used with consoling success. Infra-red photography often disclosed a serial number, or at least enough digits of it, to enable them to make the identification from Army records.

There are no cemeteries of American dead now on German soil. By General Eisenhower's order, issued shortly after VE-day, all bodies have been removed to Holland, Belgium, France or Luxembourg. And, for the record, there was no single instance of cremation of American dead by the American Graves Registration Command in the European Theater.\*

The Church condemns cremation because it dishonors a body which was once a temple of the Holy Ghost and which is destined to share in the resurrection of the dead. The Church, also, abhors the desecration of graves or any such dishonor of the dead, however long they have been buried.

America is sometimes called a pagan country, but in this instance, she should more properly be called *America Naturaliter Christiana*, America by nature Christian, because she has honored her dead in a Christian manner, and with typical American know-how.

\*Provision is made for cremation if this is the expressed official desire of the next-of-kin.—Ed.



You cannot believe all you hear, but unfortunately you can repeat it.

Columbus (Nov. '47).

## China Had the First Auto

By FRANCIS A. ROULEAU, S.J.

Condensed from the *Catholic Review*\*

**D**OWN from the hot Manchurian steppes, where the annual summer maneuvers were held, K'ang Hsi gallops one autumn evening into imperial Peking, clapping through clouds of yellow dust and followed by the eight banners of his Tartar hosts. Not far outside the walls, the long, colorful cavalcade reins in to an abrupt halt. At the roadside three gentlemen from the Great West Country (Europe), venerable in their beards and dressed in the ceremonial robes and bonnets of the scholar caste, fall on their knees and nine times touch their heads to the ground before the proud Son of Heaven. One of them wears brocaded on his silk vest the golden dragon of a high mandarin of the empire. He is spokesman.

Next day, in the awesome precincts of the palace, the emperor and his officials watch with childish excitement a strange contraption brought for their inspection. Over the smooth polished pavement a small wooden car glides swiftly around for more than an hour on its own power, while its inventor, the missionary mandarin with the gold-stitched dragon on his breast, explains to his amazed audience the

mysterious impelling force of steam.

Such was the first automobile exposition. The year was approximately 1677-1678; and the creator of this steam automobile, first in history, was Ferdinand Verbiest, of the Society of Jesus.

Verbiest's was a name to conjure with all over Europe and the Far East. Born in Belgium in 1632, admitted into the Society of Jesus in 1641, trained by the best scholarship of the age, this gifted young Flemish Religious turned his back on the promising academic honors of his homeland and volunteered for the arduous China mission field. He arrived at Macao in 1659, and, after a brief apprenticeship in one of the provinces, soon found his place at the imperial court among that small group of scientists whose magnificent vision it was to win recognition for the Chinese Church, through the ascendancy of their learning and skill in the circles of the mighty. Not long after, he succeeded another celebrated Jesuit scholar and favorite of the emperor, John Adam Schall, as president of the imperial board of astronomy; and from that time until his death in 1688, his many personal

\*165 Changle Rd., Shanghai, China. As reprinted in the *Catholic Mission Digest*, 30725 Van Dyke, Warren, Mich. December, 1947.



achievements and the high mandarin-honors conferred on him form one of the most romantic chapters in all Chinese mission history. The Church there advanced far and wide under the shadow of this towering figure at court.

In the matter of automobile ancestry, Verbiest's own straightforward description is of capital importance as an historical document. The following is a free version rather than a translation from the Latin in which it was written. For clearness' sake I have thrown in a word here and there parenthetical to the text. Notice that this pioneer explorer in pneumatics, when recording the mechanics of his turbines, uses the term *wind* where we in our omniscient machine age say *steam*. "Three years ago, while testing the force produced by an aeolipile (boiler), I had a four-wheel car made of light wood, two feet long and extremely mobile. In the middle of the wagon I installed a pan filled with burning coals, and on this, a boiler. To the axle of the rear wheels I fixed a toothed bronze wheel, the teeth of which projected transversely, parallel with the horizon (horizontally). This wheel geared (or meshed) with another small wheel mounted on a (second) shaft that was perpendicular to the horizon (vertical). When this vertical shaft revolved, it moved the car.

"Now, this vertical axle I fitted into another horizontal wheel a foot in diameter, all round the rim of which were attached, two by two (one on either side of the rim), small shingles

projecting out like wings (or wind-mill sails). The impact of the wind (steam) against these board wings, as it was violently driven out of the small pipe of the boiler under pressure, rotated the entire wheel (and the shaft), at a high velocity, thus propelling the car itself, which continued to spin on at considerable speed for an hour and longer: that is, as long as the expulsion of wind from the boiler lasted.

"Briefly, this principle of motion once established, it is easy to think up any number of other interesting applications."

There you have the primitive steam automobile. And for good measure, the first steamboat thrown in. Verbiest's inventiveness was prodigious.

It must not be concluded from the foregoing that the turbine itself was Verbiest's original conception. What he did was to make a new and astonishingly ingenious application of a known principle, adapting it to create a self-propelling locomotive. This is ample scientific merit for one man.

And the inspiration behind it all, motivating indeed all his long, self-sacrificing scientific labor at K'ang Hsi's brilliant court, was that of a genuine priest, missionary, apostle. "Sire, I die in peace," reads the message which, on his deathbed, he transmitted to the great emperor, his patron, "for I have spent almost all the moments of my life in the service of Your Majesty. But most humbly do I beg you to remember, after my death, that in everything I have done, I have had but one end in view: namely, to secure

in the person of the greatest monarch of the Orient a protector for the most saintly Religion of the universe."

Ferdinand Verbiest was both scientist and saint who combined a zeal for souls with one for science.



### *Gromyko in Wonderland*

Dear Mr. Gromyko: I was not among the 6,000 people who applied for seats to hear you make your speech at Lake Success the other day. Instead, I stayed at home and read *Through the Looking Glass*, which is much funnier, much more sensible and much better written.

"When I use a word," Humpty Dumpty said, in a rather scornful tone, "it means just what I choose it to mean—neither more nor less." And again: "The question is," said Humpty Dumpty, "which is to be master, that's all."

One of the most agreeable things about the American people is that they are open-minded and always like to hear all sides of a case. But, Mr. Gromyko, you are surely wrong if you think that the Americans are so gullible that they will swallow this latest sample of your nonsense.

Reduced to its simplest proportion, this is what you would like the world to believe: When we Russians and our foreign agents murder thousands of Poles and Finns and Greeks and Balts, transport thousands of others to the salt mines of Siberia, steal all the movable property even from those whom we have omitted to murder, all this is

"democratic" and in full accord with the charter of the United Nations. It is not even necessary for us Russians to inform the United Nations of these activities. For lying, cheating, murdering and stealing are actually helpful to the United Nations, if done by Russians. But if the Americans give the Greeks and Turks \$400 million to preserve their independence, it is the work of fascist beasts who wish to sabotage the United Nations and start a 3rd World War.

Fun is fun, Mr. Gromyko, but this is going too far. There are limits to human credulity. Alice knew the answer to this one and so do an increasing number of free people in the western world.

"I can't believe *that!*" said Alice. "Can't you?" the Queen said in a pitying tone. "Try again; draw a long breath, and shut your eyes."

Alice laughed. "There's no use trying," she said. "One *can't* believe impossible things."

"I daresay you haven't had much practice," said the Queen. "When I was your age, I always did it for half an hour a day. Why, sometimes I've believed as many as six impossible things before breakfast."

Randolph S. Churchill in *Soundings* (May '47).

# The Speech of Angels

By WALTER JEWELL

Condensed from *Life of the Spirit*\*

MEN are the lowest of all intelligent beings, the infants of the spiritual universe. Knowledge has to be presented to us pictorially through the senses; like children, we need our crayons and our blocks. No matter how profoundly spiritual our thought, we must convey it by lips and hands and images drawn from the material world.

The life and speech of angels are on a higher level. We know angels to be not unions of spirit and matter, but purely spiritual beings. Our intricate bodily organisms are totally unnecessary to them, for angelic knowledge goes behind all color, sound and texture to the inner nature of created things. Such knowledge is at present a closed book to us, although the book is one that death will open.

We should not suppose, however, that the glory and splendor of the earth and sky mean nothing to an angel. Angels, even more than men, marvel at the universe, but they do not approach it through sight and sound. Their mode of knowledge lies within, just as all their life is beyond the veil of the senses.

In thinking of them, we must use an analogy and symbol. Knowing that space is no handicap to them, we imag-

ine them with wings on their shoulders. Because spirit does not age, we stamp youth on their forms and faces. The expressions we use to describe their life are born of the conditions of earth and can be quite helpful if we see them as steppingstones and not as horizons.

For example, we say that most of the angels see God; without supposing for a moment that they have bodily eyes. For ourselves we frequently use the expression, "Oh, I see," not meaning that someone has switched on the light, but simply referring to the clearance of some mental fog which has obscured our train of thought. If we can talk of seeing when we mean a spiritual operation, we need make no rule against discussing the sight of angels.

A similar situation arises when considering angelic speech. Should we employ that term at all of pure spirits, or would it not be better to depict heaven as filled with eloquent silence? There is no doubt that silence can be most expressive. We know the silence of lovers and the hush at high Mass when the organ and choir pause for the Consecration. Yet silences of this kind are, in reality, a form of speech. We use them, knowing that they defi-

\*Blackfriars, St. Giles, Oxford, England. November, 1947.

nately convey a message from one mind to another.

We have kinship with the angels in our thought process; to understand their speech we must look within ourselves. There we find, underlying all our outward expressions, the fact of interior speech, which is quite a normal experience.

Consider a father settling down to assist with his son's homework. Some, at least, of the knowledge that he requires is stored within the depths of his memory. But he seldom reverts to it, having more immediate problems than the campaigns of Julius Caesar in Gaul. By an act of the will he has to reach into his memory and draw up into present consideration the shadowy figures of the past. He thus connects his boyhood with his manhood, instructs himself, and carries on an internal conversation.

By a further act of the will, he makes known to his son the result of his efforts. But to do this he must array his thoughts in speech, thought must be conveyed in the vehicle of his mother tongue. Both father and son are profoundly united to intricate bodily organisms which provide the normal and proper means of communication between them. In all human speech the spiritual must move along the paths of matter.

But among the angels this necessity has never arisen, save only when they have had some communication to make to the world of men. They have deep and far-reaching knowledge within themselves, and can and do

determine to bestow it upon other spirits lower in the scale. The will to communicate suffices; spirit enters into direct communication with spirit.

In fact, one angel enlightens another in the very act of his approach. There is already warmth in man's body, but if he sits before a fire, the heat embraces him and he is warmer still. In a somewhat analogous way a spirit finds enlightenment and power when embraced by another of a higher order.

The spirits who see God see also the world which he has made, and read creation in the Creator. But with angels, as with men, there are varying perfections in the Beatific Vision, and so the wide variety of all that God has made is not appreciated to the same extent by all. The higher angel needs to "break up" his knowledge and give it out in a particular manner to lesser beings who, though spiritual like himself, are less comprehensive in their grasp of knowledge.

In heaven all knowledge is held in common. God having given Himself so richly and intimately to all, the spirits possessing Him could not fail to form a perfect community and to be fully available to each other. And so the light falls generously from order to order of the blessed spirits, being made understandable to each of them as it descends. From the highest seraphim it flows to illuminate at last the lowliest disembodied soul of man in heaven who, although he really sees God, can yet learn from spirits who see Him better.

Angelic interest in man is acute. Man is the union of spirit and matter, the two great fields of God's creation. In the Incarnation God Himself became man, but never an angel, and His human mother is the Queen of Heaven. Man is the infant of the spiritual universe, but even here on earth we all tend to become the servants of the baby. Neither should we forget that grace can make men equal to the angels.

St. Thomas introduces a curious little question. He reminds us that in the vision of Isaias the seraphim cried to each other. Since a voice is usually uplifted in order to cross an intervening space more effectively, he asks whether the angels speak under the conditions of local distance. He replies, of course, that angelic speech is intellectual, and that the "crying" signifies the intensity of what is being conveyed. A further consideration is that there really exists a distance between the angels, even those belonging to the same order, although not of a sort that can be measured. This distance is covered by the wordless speech of an angel raised in spiritual strength and power, and directed to the lesser spirit receiving it. He, enlightened and profoundly interested, makes his response, and there is true conversation in heaven.

When one man wishes to speak to another he attracts his attention, usually by a brief word or ejaculation. But there is nothing corresponding to this in the language of heaven. In God the spirit sees the angelic hosts ranged in

beauty and power, and is at once aware of any approach to himself. Approaches are frequent, because, as we have seen, knowledge in heaven is common property. The food gathered by the higher spirits is at once passed to those below, and made palatable to them by angelic art. There is something particularly satisfying to the mind in the thought of angelic teachers, and we can be sure that beyond the veil of sense they are waiting for us, their prospective pupils.

Angelic conversation can be quite private and personal, for the wealth of knowledge available to all can be taught individually. And so the question arises as to whether an angel, or the soul of man for that matter, can enter into personal conversation with God. If spirit converses with spirit, what of the supreme creative Spirit?

The idea is awe-inspiring, and our first thought is that nothing quite so individual is to be expected. But then we remember that God's treatment of his creatures is intensely individual.

Examples leap to the mind: like individual creation, personal salvation, the holy Eucharist and the confessional. Further, every angel and every soul in heaven holds his own particular place in that scheme of things in which God is adored and served. There are millions of angels, but no mere duplicate of any angel. Even the soul of man is a particular gift from the hand of God, and is different and distinct from its fellows. Every created spirit is made by God for God, to serve Him with all the individuality and peculiar pow-



ers that are his. The spiritual universe, like the material, is designed and ordered. Divine wisdom does nothing without perfectly good reason, and every spirit has his proper place in the divine economy. In consequence, individual conversation between God and the spirits who see Him in His essence is to be expected. Moreover, God has work for the angels, of which services men have had personal experience. Who can doubt that Raphael, Michael and Gabriel had received definite instructions from the heart of the Beatific Vision, and had responded in that wordless speech which is the language of angels?

The speech of the angels is to become ours. Death alone will bring this about by introducing us to the spiritual realm and the spiritual tongue. It is true that we are not accustomed to

direct speech from spirit to spirit without the use of word, gesture or symbol. But it will not be beyond our natural powers, although less natural to us than the use of tongue or pen. When we die, we shall certainly direct our mental concept outwards, as we have always done, yet without robing it in the fashion of speech. The answer will come in the same manner, and we shall receive it with understanding.

But of course our hope goes far beyond this. In the Beatific Vision, angelic speech takes on the cadence of the divine, in the sense of being beyond all natural powers, and we are invited to join those conversations. By grace we may hope to speak to God and in God with familiar ease, and to "hear" that voice in obedience to which the entire universe entered into being.



### Expert Decision

**I** RECALL vividly a very critical moment several years ago, shortly after I revealed to my mother my desire to become a priest. It was a hot Saturday afternoon in middle June. The kitchen floor had just been cleaned and my mother began to show the fatigue of the week. The bread in the oven began to smoke. Somebody rapped on the back door. The telephone rang. And to cap the climax, my infant nephew, who had been playing in his crib, began to cry. It was the wrong moment to continue any further discussion of the sublime.

"James," said my mother with a certain exasperated humor, "I think you have chosen the better part."

James Magner in *Between the Lines* (Fall '47).

One of many

# A Guy Called Kelly

By CHARLES S. PEDEN

Condensed from the *American Legion Magazine*\*



HE REPORTED to me as a replacement because our regular bombardier was grounded with a touch of dengue fever. The kid was immaculate; his new B-4 bag and freshly creased chinos shrieked fresh meat from a spit-and-polish stateside post.

"Lieutenant Kelly, L.A., reporting, sir," he said hitting a brace and flipping me a snappy salute.

"Cut the chicken," I growled, waving him to a cot. "You might become a disturbing element in this rat's nest." He looked down the disordered length of our quarters with its pile of flight gear, magazines, and pin-ups, and grinned.

"They told me you guys threw away the book. Glad to be with you."

If it was meant to be blarney, it worked. I found myself liking the guy right off. When we rode out to the field I knew he belonged from the way he took over. *Bad Girl*, our ship, was being preflighted by Bo Seaman, crew chief; and Kelly dropped off the tailboard of the weapons carrier to stand entranced as the big Superfort strained and quivered under the terrific tug of its four typhooning props. Here was sheer, unashamed pride. The instant Bo cut the switches, Kelly was under the bomb bays to check his load. This

completed, he introduced himself to the rest of the crew, and gabbed about this and that until take-off.

"See you after this clambake," I shouted, waving a hand as I hustled aft to my ladder. "We'll hold a post-mortem over some good java and cigarettes."

Target was Tokyo; take-off was routine and when we were airborne I eased myself down to the radar compartment for a chat with Joey Locantore, our electronics whiz. He leaned forward to adjust his scope, then spoke. "Hope this new guy delivers the goods to-night." Joey viewed all newcomers with suspicion because of a harrowing experience when we were flying the Aleutians. A replacement man had yanked the red handle to drop the whole bottom out of our ship; and Joey had darn near frozen to death before we made our base.

I nodded and expressed my confidence in Kelly's ability.

Johnny Duke, our pilot, called for a gun check; and after firing a few bursts, I called Kelly on intercom to see how he was doing.

"Six, two and even," he replied. "Only I'd like to meet the guy that in-

\*1 Park Ave., New York City, 16. November, 1947.

vented this flak suit." He referred to a new job which had just been issued by the brains department, a thing that reached to the ankles and weighed a ton.

"Never mind comfort," I said. "Just make sure that gimmick is on right. It can be man's best friend at the altitude we're flying tonight."

"Roger. Will do."

The first flashes of ack-ack appeared, to tell us that shore batteries had detected us. The stuff was high and sporadic. They were looking for us at our usual thirty-odd thousand feet. Molten streamers from a high-bursting phosphorus shell spread before our course. Pretty stuff, but dangerous. Those fiery tentacles could burn through the wings to fuel tanks with the speed of thermite.

"Quite a show," observed Kelly from the nose. "Just like Palisades park on the Fourth." I smiled at the simile. A sense of humor is good when you're girding for battle.

The flak grew thicker and more accurate. Long purple tracers spat at us from automatic ground batteries. Now I could discern the gigantic pall of smoke between us and the target. Our leading squadrons had scored heavily.

I took another hitch in my safety belt and braced myself. We hit that Stygian mass at better than 300 an hour indicated, and almost did a wing-over as a thermal draft batted us upwards. It was rugged. *Bad Girl* bucked and yawed like a Taylor Cub in a hurricane. Acrid smoke bit at my nostrils, irritated my eyes. I had a quick mental

picture of Duke hunched over his wheel pouring on the coal as he bucked that awful blackness. The ship literally creaked at the buffeting.

Carleton was taking it in his stride.

"Navigator to bombardier . . . we are leveling for the bomb run; are you ready? Over."

Kelly repeated his signals, advised that bomb-bay doors were open, didn't forget to check with me about the bomb spotter.

We broke out of that smoke pall at full throttle. There it was. The whole, fearsome holocaust of a city in agony. For the first time since we left Saipan, I could see the other ships in our squadron; all methodically dropped bombs on the example of their lead ships. The fire missiles hit and detonated in huge geysers of molten metal, splattered over block-square areas. It seemed as though a thousand Bessemer converters had spilled their satanic spelter into the streets below.

"Bombs away!" yelled Kelly.

I followed the progress of the clusters through the finder of my bomb-spotter, saw them smack right into the power house which had been our particular objective. But the job wasn't over. A quick lurch of *Bad Girl*, then a bank, indicated that we were going into evasive tactics. It meant that fighters had spotted us in the glare, were closing in. I slewed around to see one coming at us from two o'clock. His guns winked malevolently, but the tracers ripped far over our back. Then another bandit attempted a tighter pass and I gave him a few bursts. He

flipped over and went down in a long, flaming arc.

Bang! *Bad Girl* shivered as a blast of heavy ack-ack slammed against her sides. Then another dose peppered our tail structure. They were tracking us and throwing up the book. Duke went into a long, flat dive to pick up knots as we headed for the coast and darkness. Searchlights fingered our course, but finally converged to bracket another Superfort off to our left. There was a sudden flash and the whole ship disintegrated. A direct hit!

We reached the zone of darkness but still zigzagged between the screen of automatic tracers zipping up from outer defenses. Another five minutes saw us out over the water and heading south. Time once again caught up with us, and I slipped back my helmet to sop the sweat from my face and neck, slumped there, breathing heavily as I wondered about the identity of the ship we had seen blown to bits. After a spell I called Kelly to tell him that he had laid his eggs right in the basket.

"Roger," he answered. "Quite a show . . . hope the pictures come out." His voice faltered, then continued. "Do you know, I think I was hit! Right in the belly . . . blood . . . warm blood—."

Johnny Duke's voice cut in. "Better scramble up forward, Pete. Kelly just passed out . . . he needs help."

I crawled through the tunnel in jig time to see Kelly sprawled on his back, his left arm flung across the auto-pilot controls. He wasn't unconscious, just helpless, a pained, bewildered expres-

sion on his face. "What do you know," he muttered. "My first mission and I have to get hit . . . right in the bread basket." He took a deep breath and grimaced.

The dirty, gray light of dawn's first streaks made his bad color seem all the more ghastly. I called to the radioman for the plasma kit, and jerked the emergency tab of Kelly's flak suit to remove the front panel. It took only seconds to strip him to his pelt. But then I stopped. There was no trace of a wound on his abdomen.

"Are you kidding?" I asked, thinking, hoping, that perhaps the baptism of heavy fire had tintured his imagination. It is not unusual.

I should have known better. Beads of cold perspiration dotted his forehead and upper lip; saliva trickled from his quivering lips; there was pain in his glance. He spoke. "I'm hit, Pete. Hurts like blazes . . . my leg—."

Then I found it, a warm, sodden mass of cloth on the outer side of his right thigh. The radioman quickly slit the pants leg to reveal the wound, a single 50-caliber hole. Probably a stray from a ground battery, a single bullet which managed to slip in between the edges of the flak-suit panels. We washed out the wound, dusted it with sulfa powder, and applied a compress. Then I made another exploration but could find no egress on the inner side of the thigh. Kelly caught my grave expression.

"A bad one, eh, Pete?"

I nodded. There was no use kidding

him. The absence of an outlet wound could mean one thing, the slug had traveled upwards to penetrate the lower folds of the intestine, and lodge in the abdominal cavity. Nothing but surgery could do much good there.

What a hell of a deal, I thought. Six and a half more hours before we could reach the nearest base, and here was a guy literally bleeding his guts out. All we could do was administer plasma, treat for shock, and wait. I pocketed a morphine ampule just in case.

The kid perked up after the plasma injection and asked for a cigarette. I obliged and after a few puffs he spoke again. "What did you see back there?"

We all related our individual reactions, perhaps laying it on a little thick to divert the kid from his thoughts.

"Good old Pete," he whispered. "Bet you never thought you'd be wet-nursing me on such short notice. You're a real friend."

"Forget it, Larry," I told him. "You know what the French always say, *c'est la guerre*."

Our conversation took another tack. Speaking hurriedly, anxiously, as though to oblivate the gnawing pain which must have been wracking his vitals, Kelly asked me about myself, personal things. His eyes warmed when I told him I was a New Yorker; then a wistful look came over his face when I mentioned my family and home life.

"That's something I wouldn't know much about," he commented. "I was

still going to school when I enlisted."

Kelly's next words broke my trance. "Yeah," he began, "there's a lot of unfinished business ahead for me. I was just getting organized when Pearl Harbor happened. Things had been pretty tough when I was a kid. You know, Tenth avenue in the forties. That's where I lived, a mean, cold-water flat. After mother died, the old man hit the jug pretty hard and I was left pretty much on my own—ran with a tough gang of kids.

"Then I got religion. One day when I was about 15 a gang of us decided to polish off another mob which operated on Ninth avenue, at Forty-second. The battle took place right in front of Holy Cross rectory, and in the midst of the fight a cobble smashed one of the church windows. The rest of the mob scrambled but I was collared by a cop and was just about to be hauled off to the station when a young priest spoke up for me."

I halted the tale to light up fresh smokes. Kelly continued, "The priest went home with me and after one look at the flat and my old man he got the score, pulled no punches. The result was a deal whereby we both placed ourselves in his care. That was when I first learned about Father Duffy, the famous chaplain of the 69th. Holy Cross, you know, was his church, and his tolerant philosophy guided the policy toward the wayward. The fact that he had passed on only served to strengthen such efforts. It wasn't long before I was indoctrinated with that fine man's views, and realized that it



was within my power to make a good life for myself. We soon had a better home and I was well on my way to an engineering degree when the classification boys decided I would qualify as a bombardier."

"They were right, kid," I said. "You got the job done."

Kelly stared at the flight engineer's panel of instruments for a long time before he spoke again. "How much longer to the base, Pete?"

"About three hours. Comes high noon you'll be having your brow cooled by the lily white hand of some pretty nurse while Rosey O'Donnell pins a Purple Heart on your nightshirt."

If he heard the crack he failed to notice it. He was back in New York. "You know," he said, "I felt pretty swell the day I first got into my uniform. Went right over to Broadway and stood in front of Father Duffy's statue for a long time. I suppose it was kid stuff, but I couldn't help saluting and making a resolution to make good."

"Tell you what, Larry," I interrupted. "When this show is all over we will both march up to him and make a report."

The kid smiled but added no further comment. His color was bad now, and I knew that his temperature was up.

"Take a break for a snooze now," I suggested. "It helps."

Somewhat later an almost animal groan broke from his lips. Then a yell of sheer agony.

"Don't hold it back, kid," I urged. "Make all the racket you want if it

helps." His reply was in a piteous half-whisper and gasp. "I don't think I can take this much longer; burns like a red hot poker."

That was when I let him have the morphine ampule. The dope didn't knock him out; but he relaxed.

It is an awful thing to stand by helpless and watch a man slowly die. I wasn't even of Kelly's faith, could offer him but slight succor there. But inside I was praying, begging the Lord to help me. Then in my frantic gropings my thoughts went back to Sunday-school days and I suddenly found myself voicing long forgotten words, the passages of the twenty-third psalm. I shall never discount the power of Scripture after what I saw those words do. A great calmness altered the lad's stricken features as I began:

"The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: He leadeth me beside the still waters—."

Kelly's eyes closed and he was smiling again.

"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me: Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me—."

Johnny Duke's clipped order for wheels down interrupted me. He shot off a flare to indicate an emergency landing, banked and dropped the flaps in quick, coordinated moves. We were in!

The rumble of the flaps roused Kelly. He perked open an eye and said, "Nice going, Duke. Did I forget to

tell you that your ship is a sweetheart?"

"Our ship, feller," corrected Duke softly, never taking his eyes from the strip as he jockeyed the wheel. *Bad Girl* touched the earth with a kiss, rolled true and smooth. Kelly sighed and spoke again, eyes closed.

"That's better, Pete. We made it. Mission completed."

*Bad Girl* wheeled off the strip and braked to a stop. I was already opening the hatch when I noticed that Kelly was speaking again. I knelt closer to catch his words. He was saying the Lord's Prayer, "... and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil."

Johnny Duke cut the switches and the thundering engines rocked to a stop. Now the cabin became a heaven

of peace and quiet. Kelly's face was suddenly transformed as though some mystic hand had passed by to erase all traces of pain and agony. Gently, ever so gently, his body relaxed. I had seen that phenomenon all too often not to recognize it. Lawrence Aloysius Kelly's spirit had fled his body at the very instant those four throbbing motors ceased to revolve. Their dynamic, surging power had been the magic force which had sustained him so long.

Yes, Father Duffy's statue means a lot to me now. I sometimes stand before it when things go haywire. I like to think that the good man is gazing down at his parish, smiling proudly, where he stands in heaven, with his arms around the shoulders of a guy named Kelly.



### *Children and the Virgin*

WE WERE teaching catechism in a mining camp where there is no church, only a mess hall with rough tables and long benches. Little Manuel, 8 years old, was there, his bare legs swinging, his brown eyes dancing.

"Children, why do you think the Baby Jesus came so poor? No house, no bed, no stove?"

"Seester, please Seester, let me."

"All right, Manuel. Why?"

"Cuz he wanted to be the blessed Virgin's baby."

Sister Rafael, S.C., in *America* (24 May '47).

ON SEPT. 8 I met a smiling young mother coming out of church. She told me she had led her four-year-old daughter to our Lady's shrine, pointed to Mary's picture, and whispered that today was God's Mother's birthday. Whereupon the little tot with the golden curls clapped her tiny hands, and launched into the song, *Happy Birthday to You!* As she came to an uncertain finish, she took a deep breath and said, "Now we have to blow out the candles!" And she began to huff and puff at the twinkling line of vigil lights.

Joseph Mantón, C. Ss. R., in a *Catholic Hour* address (7 Dec. '47).

## Books of Current Interest

[Any of which can be ordered through us. If you wish to order direct from publisher, addresses given are adequate.]

Brooks, Van Wyck. *THE TIMES OF MELVILLE AND WHITMAN*. New York: Duston. 489 pp. \$5. Stir of literary life in the West a century ago and resurgent voice of the South following the Civil War make of American letters a nation-wide phenomenon, no longer the peculiar domain of New Englanders.

De La Bedoyere, Michael. *THE GREATEST CATHERINE; the Life of Catherine Benincasa, Saint of Siena*. Milwaukee: Bruce. 248 pp. \$3. Model of the insistent woman, Catherine was gadfly to 14th-century popes and princes. Her letters supply matter for this story of high politics before and during the Great Schism.

Filas, Francis L. *THE FAMILY FOR FAMILIES; Reflections on the Life of Jesus, Mary, and Joseph*. Milwaukee: Bruce. 136 pp. \$2.50. The home set up by God as center for most of Christ's life. Parallels for today's Catholic husband and wife who, like Joseph and Mary, have a vocation bounded by four walls.

Gumbley, Walter. *PARISH PRIESTS AMONG THE SAINTS; Canonized or Beatified Parish Priests*. Westminster, Md.: Newman Bookshop. 90 pp. \$1.50. Engaging biographies of 32 priests who found their way to sanctity caring for a flock. Discounts the fear, felt even by the Curé d'Ars, that parochial responsibility is too hazardous a path to the heights.

Lowrie, Walter. *ART IN THE EARLY CHURCH*. New York: Pantheon Books. 268 pp., 153 pl. \$6.50. Lively book on first eight centuries of Christian painting and sculpture, by octogenarian minister who 50 years ago wrote the handbook this one supplants. The 500 excellent illustrations make it a useful reference volume for any collection.

O'Brien, Count Anthony H. *ARCHBISHOP STEPINAC; the Man and His Case*. Westminster, Md.: Newman Bookshop. 100 pp., illus., paper, 60¢. Character profile and account of mock trial of the Archbishop of Zagreb. Count O'Brien lived in Yugoslavia for two and a half years during the war and was a close friend of the prelate now in prison for his faith.

Sertillanges, A. D. *THE INTELLECTUAL LIFE; its Spirit, Conditions, Methods*. Translated by Mary Ryan. Westminster, Md.: Newman Bookshop. 182 pp. \$3. Whether the pursuit of knowledge is the day's work or your chief hobby, it calls for devotion that approximates and becomes a part of prayer. For college student, writer, or the serious reader. A famous book now first available in English.

Strasser, Bernard, O.S.B. *WITH CHRIST THROUGH THE YEAR; the Liturgical Year in Word and Symbols*. Illustrated by Sister M. A. Justina Knapp, O.S.B. Milwaukee: Bruce. 338 pp., illus. \$3.75. The year with its liturgical seasons as a program for every man's service and contemplation of God. History and spirit of feasts represented in Missal will help us better participate in Mass.

Thérèse, Sister M., editor. *I SING OF A MAIDEN: the Mary Book of Verse*. New York: Macmillan. 459 pp. \$4.50. Poems on the blessed Virgin by early, medieval, and modern authors. Over a fourth of the collection represents American writers.

Vann, Gerald. *SAINT THOMAS AQUINAS*. New York: Benziger. 185 pp. \$3. Thomistic thought has a solution for problems of modern civilization. It has to be expressed in contemporary terms, however, or it will again be misunderstood and rejected as it was in the Renaissance, when modern times began. Includes a sketch of the spread of Thomism in the U. S.